

50.

THE IMMORTAL;

A Dramatic Romance;

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

JAMES NACK.

With a Memoir of the Author,

BY

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

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50.

DEDICATORY LINES

TO

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

~~~~~

FRIEND of my heart!—friend of the human race!  
Though I may never gaze upon thy face,  
Nor clasp the hand that has such wonders penned;  
Yet when entranced by thy prevailing spell,  
I watch the ebbing life of gentle *Paul*,  
Or looking up, as at an angel's call,  
Pursue the heavenward flight of "*Little Nell*,"  
Heart leaps to heart, and I embrace my FRIEND!

It hath been given to thy hand to trace  
All that is good and glorious in our race,  
As with an "angel's ken" thou hast divined  
The riches in the human heart enshrined;  
Crowns, sceptres, laurel wreaths, or robes of state,  
Thy genius needs not, to reveal the great.

Greatness is only greatness *in itself*,—  
It rests not in externals, nor its worth  
Derives from gorgeous pomp, or glittering pelf,  
Or chance of arms, or accident of birth;

*Forw'd in the Clerk of the  
Southwark District  
Oct. 15. 1851*

It lays its deep foundations in the soul,  
And piles a tower of virtues to the skies,  
Around whose pinnacle majestic, roll  
The clouds of glory, starred with angel eyes !

Such is the lofty lesson thou hast taught,  
But still diviner blessings hast thou wrought ;  
Like light from heaven, thy genius has unveiled  
Affection's deepest mystery of grief,  
And to despairing sorrow brought relief,  
Where reason and philosophy had failed,  
By opening the fountains of the heart :  
And therefore distant strangers give thee part  
In their affections, as a household guest,  
Who shares the sacred secret of their breast.

There is a sorrow that can never die ;  
There is a loss we never can forget,  
Yet can it purify and sanctify,  
And mingle heavenly solace with regret ;  
And therefore do we love thee and thy page,  
Which moves our tears, but moves them to assuage ;  
And therefore do I hail thee as my friend,  
And yield the tribute of a grateful heart ;  
Though humble is the offering I send,  
Affection may some little worth impart.

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# MEMOIR OF JAMES NACK,

BY

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

---

WHEN genius of no common order is placed in conflict with circumstances of peculiar difficulty, it presents a subject of interesting contemplation to those who take an interest in the philosophy of the human mind. Hence the career of James Nack has engaged the attention of more than one eminent writer. The elegant memoir by General Wetmore is familiar to all conversant with the literature of our country ; and, in the present brief sketch, we shall, to a great extent, avail ourselves of his remarks, with a few additional particulars from other sources.

James Nack was the son of a merchant of the city of New York. From his earliest years his attention to study and literature gave promise of future distinction. His first efforts in poetry were at so early an age, it might be said of him as of Pope,

“ He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.”

But the fond expectations which his precocious talents

naturally inspired among his friends and family, appeared to be suddenly destroyed by an accident, which might have been fatal to the development of genius less innate, or faculties less energetic than those with which he was endowed. He had scarcely attained his ninth year, when one day, as he was descending a flight of stairs with a little playmate in his arms, his foot slipped; in his fall he caught at the nearest article, which happened to be a heavy fire-screen; this gave way, and descending upon his head, crushed and mangled it severely, depriving him of consciousness for several weeks, and of his hearing for ever.

It is a natural consequence of a deprivation of hearing in early life, for the articulation to become gradually imperfect for want of an ear to guide its pronunciation, and Nack has not entirely escaped this misfortune. Hence, though his speech is intelligible to those who have grown up with him, and become accustomed to its peculiarities, he prefers to carry on his intercourse with others in writing. To many the loss of hearing at so early an age would have presented almost unconquerable difficulties in the pursuits of science and literature; but familiar with books from his earliest years, the spirited boy only applied with the more diligence to his studies. The result may be given in the words of the late Samuel L. Knapp, who knew him intimately, and was well qualified by his own talents and attainments to appreciate those of his young friend.

“His acquirements at this early age, in the languages and all the branches of knowledge, ordinary and extraordinary, are superior to those of any young man of the

same age I ever met with. There is a strength and maturity about his mind rarely to be found in those who have experienced no such deprivation as he has been visited with. His criticisms have a sagacity and shrewdness unequalled by those who were critics before he was born. He acquires a language with the most astonishing facility. No one I ever knew could do it with the same readiness, except the late learned orientalist, George Bethune English. Nack unites in a degree truly astonishing, those two seemingly inconsistent qualities, *restlessness* and *perseverance*. He reads and writes, and does all things as though he had just breathed the Delphic vapor, and perseveres as though he were chained to the spot by some talismanic power.

“In a few years our gifted author will find things changing around him, and his youthful labors will become the foundation stones of a goodly edifice, in the fashioning of which he has learned the skill of a literary architect, and acquired the strength to raise a temple of imperishable fame for his own and his country’s glory.”

Such were the impressions and expectations that James Nack inspired in his boyhood, even in the veterans of literature ; and a boy of such extraordinary promise must have been remarkable under any circumstances. But when we consider the difficulties he had to surmount, we must no less admire his energy and perseverance than his talents. As General Wetmore eloquently remarks, “had not James Nack been deeply imbued by nature with the vision and the faculty

divine—had he not been impelled by an irresistible love and a feeling for his art, he never could have overcome the numerous and seemingly insurmountable difficulties which met him at every turn in the opening of his career. Cut off in early youth from that familiar general intercourse which sweetens the days of childhood and smoothes the path to knowledge, his sole reliance was on his own natural resources; an intellect vigorous and clear, an imagination vivid and far-reaching, and a resolution that could meet and subdue the irreparable calamity of his life.”

On the publication of a volume of his poems, written between the fourteenth and seventeenth years of his age, it was hailed with wonder and admiration. One of our leading reviews, in alluding to that volume, says, “For precocity of talent and attainment under circumstances peculiarly unpropitious, James Nack is an intellectual wonder. As far as known, Christendom contains nothing comparable to him. All things considered, Chatterton did not equal him. He has written much, and many of his productions are of a high order; all of them are marked with the rich and fervid outpourings of genius. For intensity and all that gives to poetry its highest character, they are certainly not surpassed, we think not equalled, by any of the early productions of Lord Byron, and those youthful productions of the noble bard have never received the commendations they merit. It is not too much to say of this gifted young American, that when matured by time and finished by labor, some of his future efforts



in song may equal the happiest of those that have immortalized the author of *Childe Harold*.”\*

Among those who took an active interest in the young poet was a distinguished member of the New York bar, who engaged him in his office, and placed an extensive and well selected library at his disposal. “This situation,” says Colonel Knapp, “opened a new world to him. He revelled in fresh delights, devoured books upon poetry, history, philosophy, fiction, mathematics, politics, ethics, criticism, and theology. He wrote as well as read on many of these subjects; formed a thousand theories, and tore them up root and branch for new creations.”

On the departure of this gentleman for Europe, young Nack formed an engagement with another of his early friends, Mr. Asten, at that time Clerk of the City and County of New York, who had been among the first to notice and appreciate his abilities. He soon mastered the intricacies of the various duties required of him; and the manner in which he has fulfilled them has been well described by General Wetmore: “The dry details of legal papers, the monotonous toil of searching the musty records of the courts, however uncongenial to the poetic temperament, have no power to turn him from the path of duty. He enters thoroughly into the spirit of his various labors, and discharges them with a zeal and ability which probably few could equal, and which has secured for him not only the confidence of his successive employers, but

\* As this juvenile volume has long been out of print, a few of the minor pieces have been included in the present collection.

the warm regard and esteem of the members of the bar."

In the early part of the year 1838, Mr. Nack was united to a young lady to whom he had been attached almost from her childhood ; and who, it would appear, from more than one beautiful tribute to her worth, which may rank among the happiest efforts of his pen, must have been every way worthy of his choice.

The poetry of James Nack is characterized by a versification remarkably flowing, easy, and musical—an unaffected and felicitous diction—and a depth and tenderness of feeling for which he may be eminently considered the poet of the affections.

His personal qualities could not be more accurately described than in the words of General Wetmore : "Mr. Nack's habits are regular and retired. The domestic attractions of home have a greater charm for him than the allurements of the world. The amusements and excitements of society can rarely win him from his books or his desk. He is averse to mixed company, reserved in the presence of strangers, but familiar and playful in the circle of his select friends ; of strong passions, quick to resent, but quicker to forgive ; prone to act upon the impulse of the moment ; of a disposition gentle, generous, and sincere. He is fond of children, and successful in engaging their affections. With such qualities of mind and heart, it is not surprising that he secures the warm regard of those who have the happiness of his acquaintance, nor that he is most esteemed by those who know him best."

In conclusion, the writer cannot forbear availing

himself of this opportunity to express his own high appreciation of the worth and genius of one whom it has for many years been his privilege to number among his most intimate and most esteemed friends.

GEO. P. MORRIS.



# THE IMMORTAL;

## A Dramatic Romance.

“Once more in man’s frail world, which I had left  
So long that ’twas forgotten.”

*Prophecy of Dante.*



## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE Drama of the Immortal was written at the age of eighteen. The author's more mature judgment has suggested considerable abridgment; and among the scenes suppressed, were some that perhaps might have been useful in developing the object and tendency of the work. It therefore may be as well to supply their place by a brief introduction.

It is assumed, for the purposes of this work, that besides its visible inhabitants, the world contains a higher order of beings, of a spiritual nature, exempt from sin, suffering, and death. A man of lofty aspirations, impatient of the errors and infirmities of his fellow-creatures, and yearning for a higher communion, is permitted by Providence to quit the society of mankind, and to dwell nearly a century with those spirits, partakers of their immortality. Among them he forgets much of his experience of human life; and it is not till one of the spirits appears in a form that recalls the most endearing recollections of his long

forsaken nature, that he yields to an impulse to revisit the world of man. All that he first encounters there conveys the most painful impressions of the miseries of the human lot ; and the spirit does not at first undeceive him, in the view of deepening the impression that *this* is not the world in which it is desirable to be an immortal ; but finally the spirit reveals to him the higher destinies of mankind, and the immortality to which we *should* aspire.

With this explanation, it is to be hoped that the object of the work will not be misunderstood : and that if our lot in this world is portrayed in the darkest coloring, it is still intended to show—"With all its troubles, life is worth the having," especially in view to the life to come.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

MORELLI, *the Immortal.*

ANDREA,

LEON,

HUGO,

ADRIAN,

CARLO,

FELICIA,

MARINA,

JULIA,

ARAMETH.

*Chorus of Spirits, &c.*



# THE IMMORTAL.

---

## ACT FIRST.

MORELLI *appears on the summit of a mountain.*

MORELLI. Ye hills, which towering to the base  
of heaven

Receive its shadowed glory on your heads,  
Never profaned by human step, save mine !—  
Ye skies !—ye glorious skies !—whose azure beauty,  
Melting upon my swimming eyes, compels  
The worship of my tears ; nor revered less  
In tempests, when the dark magnificence  
Of terror clothes ye—when the light of hell  
Glares on creation's pall ! Thou glorious sun,  
At whom I scarce can glance, so beautiful,  
So bright, so awful !—thou appear'st thyself  
Too much a god, that such a thing as I am  
Should dare to worship thee, much less thy Maker !

And thou whose milder splendors sweetly chasten  
The majesty of night ! and oh, ye stars !  
Sweet eyes of heaven, whose tears of light are shed  
On man's unhappy world !—I love ye all,  
Admire ye, worship ye ! Long have you been  
Companions to my eyes ; but ah ! my heart !—  
Where can it be companioned ? Not on earth—  
Of all its multitude I found not one  
To recompense my love, or to deserve it.  
Nor here—howbeit my reverence and esteem  
These spirits claim, not being of my nature—  
Their sympathies blend not with mine.

What curse  
Like the heart's desolation ! Still the same  
In throngs and solitude, interminable  
As hell, and scarce less fearful ! But these thoughts  
Avail not—I must fly them ! Arameth !

Hasten, hasten, Arameth,  
Whether bathed in music's breath,  
Whether on the zephyrs gliding,  
Or on burning lightnings riding,  
Whether earth in tempests whirling  
Or the stream in breezes curling,—  
Spirit ! whether thou dost over  
Scenes of love or carnage hover,  
Where are strewed the dead and dying,  
Or to beauty youth is sighing ;

Be thy errand what it be,  
Hither, hither, haste to me !  
Come, though called by human breath,  
Hasten, hasten, Arameth !

ARAMETH (*invisible*). Form of earth and soul of  
fire !

I have come at thy desire ;  
Arameth is here to ask  
What thou wouldst appoint his task,  
And thy bidding, life or death,  
Shall be done by Arameth.

MORELLI. Comest thou from earth or air ?

Tell me, Spirit, tell me where  
Thou hast been—what hast thou seen ?

ARAMETH. One who might be named the queen  
Of earth for beauty.

MORELLI. Spirit, say,  
Canst thou think as sons of clay ?  
Spirit, I should think thou must  
Scorn the fairest breathing dust.

ARAMETH. Fairest earthly work of God  
Woman seems to man and me ;  
Man adores the earthly clod,  
But the pure divinity  
Of that clod, the holy breath,  
Homage claims from Arameth.

MORELLI. Many years have passed away  
Since I've seen a form of clay,  
Save when on my own I look,  
Imaged in the silver brook ;  
And I now am first inclined  
One to see of womankind.  
Spirit, who all forms canst wear,  
Though thyself possessing none,  
Thee I now would look upon  
In the guise of maiden fair ;  
Take the image of the same  
Thou so beautiful didst name.

ARAMETH. Light of heaven, be thou set  
In the hue of violet !  
On the hyacinthine flow,  
Night, thy glossy shadows throw !  
With the pure new-fallen sleet  
Let the blush of morning meet !  
Of fire the brightness  
Of air the lightness,  
The softness of water,  
In earth's fairest daughter,  
Together blend !  
Earth ! I dive into thy breast !  
Now I as thy loveliest  
Ascend !

[ARAMETH *rises in the apparition of a beautiful woman.*

MORELLI. Spirit, thou mockest me ! the form  
thou wearest

Has no original of earth ; for heaven  
When it a being had created all  
So beautiful, for very pity could not  
Pronounce it mortal ! No, it cannot be—  
It cannot be that there is one of earth  
Lovely as this ! But how it tortures me  
To look upon thee thus ! There was a time,  
When I was yet among the sons of men,  
That as I gazed upon the face of woman,  
Proud as I was I could not wish myself  
A being of another world than hers.  
'T was the last link I broke when from the world  
Of man I sprang to yours. Thy beautiful  
Embodiment recalls such thoughts as might  
Render me less than man, though I am more.

ARAMETH. And while thou wouldst be more  
than man, beware  
Of earthly recollections. By the express  
Permission of the highest, thou dost share  
Our immortality, from all distress  
Exempted that terrestrial beings bear ;  
For heaven's especial purpose this hath been  
To thee allotted, else to all mankind

Denied for ever ; but should earthly sin  
Or even earthly weakness sway thy mind,  
That weakness or that sin to earth shall bind  
Thy lot again, and from the evils there  
Deliverance, save by death, thou shalt not find.

MORELLI. The warning is not needed ; yet if ever  
Woman should meet me, all as beautiful  
As thou appearest, I doubt temptation might  
Awaken for a moment. How dangerous  
Must beauty be to man, since it is thus  
To me ! It is not safe to look upon thee  
While thou art thus ! Become invisible,  
Or change thy form to one that cannot move me.

ARAMETH. Ninety years have o'er thee past

And no change upon thee cast,  
Speeding on this hallowed height  
As on earth a moment's flight.  
Think not that it thus could be  
Were thy lot mortality ;

Though the form thou wearest

Corruption cannot know,

On earth's first and fairest

Time a change will throw.

Earthly beauty ! what art thou,  
When before thee thousands bow,  
When adored and deified,  
Dare not mock thyself with pride ?



As thy sire corruption name,  
In the worm thy mother claim !  
All thy charms most glorious  
All by Time must vanish—thus !

[*Disappears.*

MORELLI. Can decay  
Ever lay  
Its withering rod  
On beauty such as thou didst wear ?  
His workmanship so fair,  
Will not the creating God  
From corruption spare ?

ARAMETH. All must perish ! all must perish !  
Perish all creation must !  
All of dust return to dust !

MORELLI. Alas ! may I not cherish  
A trust,  
If there be one of earthly sphere  
Lovely as thou didst appear,  
The grave shall not her charms devour ?

ARAMETH. Nor shall it ; for the tomb  
Hath power upon her, but no power  
Upon her charms ; for all whose bloom  
Corruption e'er can know, shall leave her  
Before the hour  
The grave is destined to receive her.  
But behold

How time shall mould  
Her form, then, if thou canst, repine  
That *such* should in the grave recline.

Open earth and show  
What time shall beauty render ;  
The eyes once wont to glow  
With celestial splendor,  
Feeble in their socket damp,  
As the midnight charnel-lamp ;  
Here and there  
Dishevelled hair  
Loosely sprinkled,  
Wont in raven showers to flow  
O'er a brow

Whose delicate snow  
A sickly dark usurpeth now ;  
Sallow cheeks, sunk and wrinkled,  
Limbs which scarce the frame can bear ;  
Veins whose blood is stealing  
Like icicles congealing !

Open earth ! open earth !  
Open earth and show !

[ARAMETH *rises in the apparition of an old and decrepit woman.*

MORELLI. Away ! away ! What is there in the  
grave  
So horrible ?

ARAMETH. Son of earth !

Human birth

Gave thee many a human feeling,

Which even here is on thee stealing ;

But mark thou well

The appearance now I wear,

And let it be thy spell

To guard thee from all earth's alluring fair ;

For all must come to this at last !

Beware ! beware !

When beauty's glance is on thee cast,

Remembering what thou seest now,

Thus her magic disavow.

MORELLI. But why this caution ? Never here  
Earthly beauty can appear.

ARAMETH. Nay, but thy wish I know

Upon thy native sphere

Another glance to throw

And heaven thy wish forbids not ; near

Will I attend on thy career,

A warning to bestow,

Should e'er

Thy earthly feelings triumph.

MORELLI.

No ;

They shall not. Arameth, I go,

If but to test my strength ; from thee

I claim no guidance ; let me owe

Myself alone the victory,  
If, indeed, for one like me  
Earth's temptations to o'erthrow  
Any cause for triumph be.

ARAMETH. Beauty's influence conquer thou,  
And earth and heaven will thee allow  
Most triumphant conqueror !  
Yet if e'er enthralled by her,  
Bear in mind that down the tide  
Of time her every charm must glide,  
Fleeting with each fleeting year,  
Till she become what I appear !

Oh ! why  
Do mortals heave the sigh  
And drop the tear,  
O'er those who in the bloom of youth and beauty die ?  
Better in the grave decay  
Than be of time the living prey !

MORELLI. No more of this, I gladly would forget  
That there is beauty, since I must remember  
That there is death and time ; howbeit the world  
To which I now return must oft remind me  
Of that, and much beside, for which oblivion  
Would be a blessing far excelling all  
To earth accorded ; yet as the observance  
Of human fate may better reconcile me  
To mine, convey me thither, Arameth.

## ACT SECOND.

*Scene in the open Country.**Enter ARAMETH and MORELLI.*

MORELLI. I've seen all earth, and all I've seen  
informs me

That man exists only to make himself  
And others wretched. I'm sick at heart with pity  
For all who are thrust into a world like this.

ARAMETH. Can that world no good display  
Every evil to outweigh?

MORELLI. Nothing! When man raves of a  
heaven on earth,  
I know it for the mockery of hell!  
And there is nothing beautiful on earth  
But ministers destruction in its beauty!  
When I beheld the tempest in its terrors,  
To me they were most lovely, till I saw  
That they were as destroying; when the lightnings  
Bathed earth in liquid fire, whose withering torrent  
Blended the ashes of the habitation

With the inhabitants' ; or when the billows,  
Dashing against the heavens, in sudden swell  
Encanopied the bark that o'er their bosom,  
When they were smiling, had as lightly danced  
As danced the thoughtless hearts wherewith 't was  
    freighted—

The hearts of those whose death-cry from the waters,  
Half-stifled, pained my ear ! How oft this ear  
Has heard within the space of one short hour  
The cry of death repeated ! From the thousands  
Crushed in their palaces of pride, or hovels  
Of vileness, all confounded in the shock  
Which hurled their city from its burst foundations ;  
From the red field of war, where myriads butchered  
Opposing myriads, till themselves had fallen,  
In idiot obedience to the will  
Of diademed fools ; or from the desert city  
Where all the air was poison, and the wretch  
Who breathed it, breathed his last 'mid reeking  
    heaps

Of those who died before him, and none other  
Near him among the dead, except the dying !  
The sky was fair then, and I turned my gaze  
Towards it from earth's multitude of death.  
The golden moon smiled on me, and I said,—  
“ Beautiful world of light ! say, art thou too  
A world of bliss ? or hast thou naught of heaven

Except its splendor? Even then thou art  
More favored far than earth!" Oh, Arameth!  
Remove it from my sight and my remembrance!

ARAMETH. Morelli, thou shouldst not advance  
A judgment from a rapid glance;  
Wait till thou hast communed with men,  
In act and word, determine *then*.  
But one approaches—mark him well,  
By his appearance thou canst tell  
If time and death  
Are the *mightiest* to efface  
Every charm of form and face.

*Enter a MAN intoxicated.*

MORELLI. Arameth!

What hideous brute behold I there?

ARAMETH. A man! and such as thou wilt find  
Commonest among mankind!  
Those features the impression bear  
By pleasure on her votaries set,  
When nature's limit they forget.  
Her characters we recognise  
In the dim, sunken, bloodshot eyes,  
Where quivers lurid fire,  
The unsteady gait,  
The limbs opprest by one another's weight,

Till thus they sink, and grovel in the mire !  
Oh ye, whose aspirations climb  
To a god-like height sublime !  
There your fellow-man behold  
In defilement beastly rolled,  
To the vilest, filthiest vice,  
A self-devoted sacrifice !  
Mark him well, and if you can,  
Glory in the name of man !

MORELLI. Man ! methinks he would profane  
The name of beast !

ARAMETH.                   Thou sayest well ;  
Yet that form, so horrible,  
Was noble once—could once contain  
A manly, nay, a godlike mind,  
Elevated and refined,  
And a heart whose feelings were  
Of loftiest and loveliest kind ;  
But examine now his heart—  
How brutalized its every part !  
His mind—what idiocy antics there !

MORELLI. To what demon could belong  
The power to change him thus ?

ARAMETH. Listen to the poet's song :—  
“ How divine—how generous,



The pleasures of the social bowl !  
How they elevate the soul !  
Care and sorrow find a grave  
Underneath the ruby wave ;  
And o'er it, fanned by pleasure's gales,  
Time, his scythe forgotten, sails.  
And laughing loves within it spring,  
Bathing the heaven-colored wing,  
And with it, when you kiss the brim,  
Into the heart delighted swim !"

MORELLI. But how does this the wretch concern  
To whom my eyes reluctant turn ?

ARAMETH. Askest thou what to the sight  
Could thus hateful render one  
That once could every eye delight ?  
This the social bowl hath done.

MORELLI. Then who would touch it ?

ARAMETH. Sad the truth  
That many in the flower of youth  
Deem that they a manly name  
From the drunken bowl can claim !  
Great spirits ! they aspire to be  
Such men as thou in this canst see  
Exampled !

MORELLI. Men I would behold,  
But oh ! not such !

ARAMETH. I'll show to thee

His victims, and the misery  
From the cup of pleasure rolled.

*Scene changes to the interior of a hovel. Lying on the floor, two children are discovered, the mother bending over them.*

MOTHER. But he will bring it soon! Alas!  
poor wretch!

Hope is the only food that I can offer,  
And hope myself rejects. How still thou art!  
Has patience hushed thee? But who can be patient  
In agonies like thine, poor innocent!  
Thou moanest still, but in such dying faintness  
Scarce can a mother's ear arrest the sound!  
Oh! that my blood were like the pelican's,  
To nourish thee! No other food is left us!  
Ah! now I hear him—ye shall yet be saved!—  
I'll lead him softly in, lest he disturb them.

*[Opens the door and returns.*

None near!—I was deceived!—and night is coming,  
And then the night of death! Bear with me,  
heaven!

It is not for myself I dare upbraid thee,  
But these! I am a mother!—would I were not,

Rather than they were thus ! And thou ! oh thou !—  
Child of my heart !—my dearest, loveliest one !

*[Throws herself by the youngest child.]*

MORELLI. Lovely does she call him ?

ARAMETH. Yes ;

His was cherub loveliness,  
Till a father's cruelty  
Made him even as thou dost see,  
Who in revelry has spent  
What should be the nourishment  
Of his children and his wife.  
Draining from them the stream of life  
In guilty pleasure's draught unholy,  
Which hath him abased thus lowly.

MORELLI. Shall we as their friend appear ?

ARAMETH. No ; a better friend is near !

And see, upon the infant's brow  
He shakes the chilly dew-drops now,  
And to the eyes' expanded glare  
Imparts the unchanging vacant stare,  
And bids the unmoistened blue lips sever,  
Again to kiss each other never,  
And shows the veins' meanders blue  
The cheeks' transparent likeness through !

MOTHER. 'Tis death !—'tis death has stilled thee ?  
Shall I murmur ?

I will not! Heaven, on bended knee I thank thee!  
The blow had pity in it. But oh, my heart!  
Ask not what pity could be in the sufferings  
Which make the parent of the innocent victim  
Grateful to death for its release! Hark! there!  
He comes at last to save thee!—*save thee!* Oh!  
Let not such horror mock me! Let me not  
Find that a moment more had kept the life  
That now is fled for ever! Art thou there?  
Come in, thou wretched father! He is not near,  
And it was folly in me to imagine  
He might return, while that return could bring  
Relief to these who are not yet beyond  
Relief, as thou art, my sweet babe!—my cherub!—  
My cherub!—yes! for beautiful wast thou  
As heaven's own cherubs are! And art thou not  
A cherub now in heaven! But these fond eyes  
Are widowed of thy charms! My God, forgive  
These ingrate murmurs! Kindly hast thou ended  
His sufferings, and should I not thank thee for it?  
If I might murmur, it should be that these  
Are left to suffer yet. And shall I pray  
For their release? Forgive me!—oh, forgive me,  
And curb my impious thoughts! My heart is  
broken!

ARAMETH. Wouldst thou see more?

MORELLI.

Oh, let us fly!

In pity hide them from my eye.

But hark ! what sudden sound alarms ?

ARAMETH. It is the din of clashing arms ;

And hark that groan ! in desperate fight

Some wretch is struggling for his life.

MORELLI. Haste ! lead me to the scene of strife—

Haste to protect the right !

## ACT THIRD.

*Scene—a Garden adjoining a Country-house.*

*Enter LEON.*

LEON. Seek virtue upon earth ! ha ! take the sun  
From heaven to light thee in the search, and then  
Thou wilt discover—what ?—what ? Why, the folly  
Of seeking what as real which exists  
Only in the imagined fantasy  
Of dreaming ignorance ! So have they told me,  
Who, when they sketched their picture of the world  
Set their own hearts for the original—  
Hearts which, unknown to virtue, would not deem  
That others knew her better. For myself,  
Should I allow to every human heart  
As fair a claim to virtue as my own  
Can arrogate, and neither more nor less,  
I make no question but upon the whole,  
At such an estimate, all human virtue  
In the amount would be—let's see—let's see—  
Aye, aye, I have it—'t would be—even nothing !

For take me piecemeal, and anatomize me,  
Body and soul, yet will it puzzle you  
From my whole composition to pick out  
One particle of virtue. But I am not  
Of those who judge others by themselves ;  
Neither a votary nor an infidel  
Am I to virtue ; I mock her, yet I doubt not  
That she exists, and her divinity  
Breathes on the spirit of man, though not on mine ;  
But human deeds are not the oracles  
That tell me so ; I never trust to them,  
Or good or ill in seeming. To be certain  
Of any thing, we first must ask ourselves  
If we ourselves have known it. That assurance  
Have I of virtue, though I now disclaim her,  
For I have known her once—might know her still,  
If so it were my choice. I was not made  
Her foe by nature, but by circumstance.  
I found this world was never made for virtue,  
But for hypocrisy, which steals the guerdon  
That virtue toils for in successful labor ;  
And therefore I conformed me to the world  
That fate has thrust me into. Virtue can  
Exist without the name, so can the name  
Exist without her ; and of these the latter  
I rather choose, and truly I have found  
The choice no bad one.

*Enter HUGO.*

Ah ! my saintly brother !  
He sees me not : I will approach ; nor then,  
Nor ever, shall he see me as I am.  
No more of truth, good tongue ! 'tis pardonable  
Unheard, not otherwise. Hugo, my brother !

HUGO. My brother Leon, welcome !

LEON. Who are those  
Advancing yonder ?

HUGO. I think I see our father,  
Or the uncertain glimpse caught through the  
branches  
Deceives my eye.

LEON. They turn, and there—'t is he  
Indeed ; but one is with him whom my eyes  
Remember not.

HUGO. Nor mine ; but be whoever  
He may, he seems of noble bearing.

LEON. Hush !

*Enter ANDREA with MORELLI.*

ANDREA. Welcome, my sons, and give this  
stranger welcome,  
Who saved my life at peril of his own,  
But now, when at the mercy of banditti  
I lay defenceless.



HUGO. Words can never thank him.

LEON. But hearts.

MORELLI. Forbear! From all I know of men,  
No man has ever cause to thank another;  
And the best deed that claims our gratitude,  
Probed to the core, betrays some rotten taint  
Of selfishness or worse.

LEON. Yet virtuous men—

MORELLI. Are men unknown to earth. I have  
seen the world,  
And many are the things the world contains;  
But two are wanting—happiness and virtue.

LEON. Ah, say not so!

ANDREA. My lord, it is apparent  
That thou hast been by evil men surrounded,  
And deemed that they exempl'd human nature;  
But I have hope I may divert thy mind  
From such injustice. Let me recommend  
My sons to thy observance, for the virtues  
Of either were alone enough to win thee  
To an acknowledgment that all mankind  
Are not depraved; those virtues long have flourished  
Before my glad paternal eye. My lord,  
Saidst thou there was no happiness on earth?  
I would that thou hadst sons, even as these two,  
That thou mightst know a father's happiness  
When by his children's virtue he is blest.

Had I no other cause to thank my Maker  
For my existence, it were cause enough  
For gratitude most infinite, that I  
Have given existence to such sons as these,  
Whose filial love and manly virtues bless  
Their father ! Oh, ye gracious heavens ! look down  
While thus I call your dearest blessings on them !  
May theirs be all the joys that I have known,  
Without the sorrows ! May they in their offspring  
Be blest as I am now in them.

MORELLI.                                 So be it!  
I am no father, but my heart can wish  
A father's prayer success, when breathed as now  
To bless his offspring; but upon occasion  
May not a father's prayer arise to curse  
Children whose guilt has cursed him?

ANDREA. To speak of such  
To me, were as to speak of hell to spirits  
In heaven. But come, my lord, beneath our roof  
May further proof be found that happiness  
Is not unknown on earth.

HUGO.                 Indeed, my lord,  
My Paradise is there !

MORELLI. Well, may it prove so !

[*Exeunt* MORELLI, ANDREA, *and* HUGO.

LEON. Aye, brother! get thee to thy Paradise!

Is there no serpent near it? Where is Leon?  
Is there no woman in it? Ha! ha!—what is it?  
What is it but a woman?—a woman!—ha! ha!  
Oh! what a precious world of fools we have!  
Woman exiled us from the Paradise,  
Else our inheritance, and yet we make  
Our earthly Paradise depend on woman!  
Marry, good brother, Hugo! 't is a pity  
The tales our grandam mumbled o'er our cradle,  
And gownsmen still rehearse, in their impression  
Upon thee, turn to an account so little!  
But trust me, if experience do not teach thee  
To better purpose, 't is no fault of mine!  
Let us remember that our father blest us,  
Though Heaven, whom he has troubled for our sake,  
Will not remind us by the answer  
He looks for, if by any. Well I know  
The blessings that await thee; thou art welcome  
To all of the kind! I'll help thee to as many  
As ever I can, and more than I'll be thanked for!  
But what said our papa? "Ye gracious heavens!  
May they be in their offspring blest as I am  
In them!" We crooked our knees in filial duty;  
So will our sons when we pray over them,  
Whether they be as thou or I! No matter—  
I seek not happiness from my own virtue,  
Or any other's. Ye heavens! if ye do hear me,



And I'm as glad when he is pleased with you  
As 't were myself.

HUGO (*advancing*). Indeed, pa loves you both,  
My little cherubs ! and if anything  
Could make me love you more, it were your love  
To one another. Look upon me, stranger !  
While those dear lovely innocents are clinging  
Around me thus. Oh ! say am I not happy ?

MORELLI. And these are mortals !—these ! Oh,  
Arameth !

How cruel is such beauty to the sight  
That shoots beyond the present ! Is it so ?  
And must they ——

HUGO. He is strangely moved.

ANDREA. My lord !

MORELLI. Sweet innocents, come hither ! Fear  
me not,

Though for a moment from a father's bosom  
I take you to my own. Rich as he is  
In your embraces, he without begrudging  
Can spare me one. How sweet ! My spirit springs  
Upon my lips, as if it there would melt  
Into the rosy snow they glow upon !  
Yet what to me are these more than the other  
Children of men ? Heavens ! if they were my own  
What were the ecstasy, which even now  
Is like to that around the spirit gliding

When all the air is music ! How this kiss—  
And this—and this, thrill my delighted soul !  
But ah ! what are they to a father's kiss ?  
A father's kiss ! Oh, if I had a child—  
A child of mine, upon whose cheek of beauty  
My lips might dwell, as now they dwell on this,  
Ye heavens ! I would entreat you in that moment  
The cherub and myself might both become  
Immovable to all eternity !  
For sure a father's kiss were heaven itself  
Were it but as eternal ! But they struggle  
To seek their father's arms again ; nor longer  
Will mine imprison them from the embrace  
They love. Receive them. *Now* I call thee happy !  
Mortal ! thou art a father !

ARAMETH (*invisible*). Morelli, hear !

MORELLI. Arameth !

ARAMETH. Listen and reply,

For every mortal ear  
Is deadened while I hover nigh ;  
And glazed is every mortal eye  
As in the fixed transparency,  
Fascinating painfully,  
The gazer on the wreck of death !

Behold

The group around,  
Who stand as if their mould

Were marble! Feeling, sight, and sound,  
All forsake them, save their breath,  
Till I take the spell away.

Mark those infant forms of clay ;  
Though lifeless marble either seemeth,  
Around their glowing features beameth  
A magical charm, which appears to be  
The spirit of the Divinity !

See ! oh, see !

Are they not beautiful ? and would they not,  
If thine, be dear to thee ?

MORELLI. Dear ! oh, heaven !

ARAMETH. Wilt thou embrace a mortal lot,

That such as those

May to thyself be given ?

Hast thou forgot

That thy life among mankind

Was but a life of woes ?

Cause but little couldst thou find  
To think thyself the giver's debtor ;  
Theirs perhaps may be no better :  
Soon their blessings may forsake them,  
Curses soon may overtake them ;  
Yes, their fate may in a morrow  
Turn their parents' joy to sorrow ;  
Withering fever may embrace them,  
Pale consumption may deface them,

Hide their bloom in ghastly whiteness,  
Sink their eyes, and quench their brightness ;  
And shouldst thou behold them languish,  
Writhing on a bed of anguish,  
And the father o'er them bending,  
Listening, with bosom rending,  
To the smothered feeble moaning,  
Or the wild hysteric groaning,—  
Mark his feelings, and inquire,  
Who would be a mortal sire ?

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. Who would be a mortal  
sire ? (*wild laughter.*)

MORELLI. Canst thou be Arameth ? Art thou  
not rather

A spirit accurst ? And who are those with thee,  
Echoing thy laugh of horrid mockery ?

ARAMETH. Morelli !

MORELLI. Vex me not. These eyes are blinded  
What is it dims them ?—tears ?

ARAMETH. Morelli !

MORELLI. Wretches !

Back to your native hell ! I knew ye were not  
Of heaven ; but did not think that ye were spirits  
Of evil, else when it was offered first  
I would have spurned your fellowship, as now  
I spurn it, for I know ye ! Hell alone  
Could laugh to mock a father's agonies !



Earth, I abhor thee !—man, I would despise thee,  
But that thou art beneath contempt ! And yet,  
Earth ! thou shalt be my home, and man shall be  
My fellow ! Rather would I weep with mortals  
For mortal sorrows, than laugh at them with fiends !

ARAMETH. We laugh, but not at human woes ;

We laugh at human folly !

He to whose view

Stern melancholy

The destiny of mortals shows,

In the hue

Most dark and true ;

He who knows

What sorrows man is born to bear,

What sins to do,—

Can he suppose

That it can be a mortal's prayer

To be a father, and to send

Others into the world to share

The curses that himself attend ?

We laugh at this, yet might we weep,

For folly so insane

To contemplation deep

Presents a sight of pain !

Childless mortal ! check the prayer

Thou wouldst proffer for an heir !

Not name and fortune alone would be  
His inheritance from thee.

No, ah no ! he would inherit

All the damning sins that stain,  
All the pangs that wring thy spirit !

Man but lives for sin and pain !

Is it then not truly said,

Favored is the childless bed ?

CHORUS. Favored is the childless bed !

ARAMETH. Lay to heart what we have spoken ;

Answer not—the spell is broken !

ANDREA. My lord you have been silent long, as  
rapt

In some deep meditation ; may we ask

To know its nature ?

MORELLI. In your ignorance

Be happy. Knowledge is the deadliest foe

To happiness, which lives not for a moment

Save in delusion. Why should these poor infants

Cling to their parents with such trusting fondness ?

What have ye done in merit of their love ?

HUGO. We love them.

MORELLI. And that love ye manifest

By your endearments, lavishing upon them

Your kisses and caresses, which you cannot

Be sparing of for your own pleasure's sake.

But spare ye nothing from your children—nothing !  
Yield them your all—grovel in earth before them—  
Sweat in the toil of slaves for them—tear open  
Your bosom, that, if it may pleasure them,  
Those lips, on which you set your seal of love,  
May drain the very life-blood from your heart !  
All were too little to atone the sin  
That you have done against them.

HUGO.

How, my lord ?

MORELLI. Did you not give them life ? And  
what is life ?

Sin, sorrow, danger, disappointment, pain,  
Wounds, sickness, toil, fatigue, ennui, distress,  
Deserted loneliness, friendship estranged,  
Affection wronged, heart wrung, hope crushed,  
fame blighted,  
Remorse, despair, and phrensy—this is life !

ANDREA. My lord, when young and struggling  
with the world,

Such bitter thoughts were mine ; but I have found,  
With all its troubles, life is worth the having,  
And so thou wouldst acknowledge, didst thou know  
The blessings that are given us ; if thou wert  
A father.

MORELLI. Ever may such curse be spared me !

HUGO. And sure thou hast forgotten what it is  
To have a father—to be blest by him—

To bless ourselves in blessing him—to shield  
His venerable head from every gale  
That blows too rudely.

ANDREA. Happy wouldst thou be  
If thou hadst sons like mine.

*Enter ADRIAN and CARLO.*

And there approaches  
My youngest hope, and with him, my poor Carlo,  
My brother's orphan boy, dear to my heart  
As if he were my own. Observe the smile  
That brightens either face—are they not happy?

ADRIAN. Joy! joy! my father! Bless me!—  
need I ask it,  
Blest as I am? My knee can scarce support me  
Beneath the o'erwhelming weight of happiness!  
Here let me lie till calmness still the brain,  
Now whirled in ecstasy! My own Felicia!  
Mine—yes! my own! Oh! I could weep, Felicia!

CARLO. Let not the shock of joy crush reason's  
throne,  
My friend.

ADRIAN. She loves me!—yes! she does—she  
loves me!  
Trouble me not, for I would think of this,  
And all but this forget! Away! away!

CARLO. My joys are none the less, though  
better mastered,  
They burst not forth in an extravagance  
That threatens reason. Yes, my more than father,  
I am most happy that, with thy approval,  
Before to-morrow's close shall Julia bless me.  
But she approaches, whose consenting smile  
Has phrensied Adrian.

*Enter FELICIA.*

ARAMETH *appears as a decrepit old woman.*

ARAMETH. Look upon me in a guise,  
Visible only to thy eyes ;  
She whom thou beholdest there  
Is one of human birth,  
The loveliest on earth ;  
But of the beauty mortals wear,  
If thou wouldst see  
The essential worth,  
Gaze at her, then gaze at me.

MORELLI. Away ! 'Tis she !—'tis she ! Oh !  
Arameth !

[MORELLI *rushes to FELICIA, and falls at her feet. The others group around in wonder and anxiety. Scene closes.*

## ACT FOURTH.

MORELLI *is discovered lying insensible on the summit of a hill.*

ARAMETH (*invisible*). Awake!

From the sleep  
That thee doth steep,  
Awake! awake!

Dead oblivion from thee shake!  
The scattered senses all  
To thy mind recall!  
Awake! awake! awake!

MORELLI. It was a vision, and a dreary one;  
But it hath past, and I am wakened now,  
To what?—to dreariness whose heavy darkness  
They scarce can dream of, whom it never shrouded;  
Nor can it pass away, save with existence!  
But it is well existence hath an end,  
And with it ends its sorrows. I have dreamed  
My curse of life eternal; now awakened,  
How glad am I to know there yet shall be

A time, that my last sigh shall with a breath  
Scatter together the sorrows and the ashes  
Of what was once a heart, like to a wild  
Deserted, open still to the approach  
Of all, yet shunned by all ; or if by any  
Approached, by them approached with clogged  
reluctance,  
And instant fled with feathered eagerness ;  
Thus the affections of mankind, to whom  
My heart was ever open, have approached it  
And vanished from it ; thus would hers, the bright  
Creation of the vision, she who burns  
My eyes, my soul, with her sun-dazzling beauty,  
Which blazes on me still as if it were  
Before me, though I know 'twas but a dream.  
Oh, thou mysterious power ! whate'er thou art,  
That giveth to the mind delusion's eyes  
When sleep hath locked the body's, to what end  
Hast thou this vision sent ? Wouldst madden me  
With the imagination of a beauty,  
Found in no world but those of thy creation ?  
Whate'er thy end in that, I need not ask  
Why I was linked by thee to beings as far  
Above me as I deem mankind beneath me ;  
'Twas to instruct me, that might it be so  
Indeed, the desolation of my heart

Were none the less. And this was meant for  
comfort !

'Tis the philosophy of desperation  
Wrings comfort from the thought, that from the worst  
No change is for the worse ; but thou hast shown  
That none were for the better. Must I find  
In *this* my consolation ?

ARAMETH. Morelli !

MORELLI. Ha !

ARAMETH. Morelli !

MORELLI. It was no dream then !

ARAMETH *appears*.

Fearful being ! I know thee !

ARAMETH. Time was thou didst curse thy fate,  
That ungenial tie should mate  
One of thy aspiring mind  
To the nature of mankind.  
Thy indignant aspiration  
After more exalted station  
Happened to arrest my ear,  
As I chanced to hover near.  
Then I, looking in thy soul,  
Saw it dark by the control  
Of sorrow, not of guilt ; I viewed  
Its errors, but they were endued



With something noble ; all declared  
That thou wouldst be well prepared,  
From some few frailties purified,  
With our spirits to abide :  
And, with heaven's allowance, then  
I took the form that thou dost call  
Fearful, but I remember when  
I told thee I could disenthral  
Thee from the fellowship of men,  
This form was welcome to thy sight ;  
Haply thou art altered quite,  
And deemest I have done thee wrong,  
To raise thee from the human throng ;  
Speak, and to them I thee restore.

MORELLI. Nay, let me first observe them more.

ARAMETH. And hither some this moment tend  
Whose fate will much instruction lend ;  
But it fits not thou shouldst claim  
Their present sight ; they are the same  
From whom I snatched thee in thy trance.

MORELLI. Then conceal us from their glance.

ARAMETH. Ye exhalations which arise  
From the sun-clad deep,  
And ascending athwart the skies,  
Hiding their azure sweep,  
And slowly, to darken mortal eyes,  
The air displacing, creep ;

And every mortal so enshroud,  
That he might think the earth had all  
Evaporated in a cloud,  
Now let your shadows on us fall;  
Come and veil us, where we stand,  
From observance, while our glance  
May to all around advance;  
Come! 't is Arameth's command!

[*A mist encircles the hill.*

*Enter ANDREA, HUGO, LEON, ADRIAN, Villagers,  
&c., in procession, to the bridal of CARLO and  
JULIA.*

*Choir of Maidens.*

Oh, Love! the maiden's joy and pain!  
Be thou our guide to Hymen's shrine!  
For his is but an iron chain  
When linked by any hand but thine.  
But, by thy glowing fingers twined,  
His ties are as the ties that bind  
The blessed soul to heaven!  
But why for these should we implore  
The flowery fetters, which before  
Thy smile to them has given?  
Of thee we need but supplicate  
That ours may be as blest a fate!

LEON (*aside*). Amen, my dears ! but, prithee,  
mark the end of it,  
And see what you have prayed for ! Now I think  
on't,  
I will not say Amen ! I wish no evil,  
Sad sinner as I am, but when I think  
That it may work toward my gain or pleasure.  
But hush ! there is another group of fools  
Hemming their prelude to more prayers. Let's  
hear them !

*Choir of Matrons.*

The ties of Hymen we have found  
A wreath of blended thorns and flowers ;  
Its sweetness floats our hearts around,  
But with the sweets the stings are ours.  
Oh, love ! we pray thee on the wreath  
That shall unite these lovers, breathe  
That every thorn may be scattered away,  
But bloom and fragrance for ever stay !

HUGO. Immortal be their love !

LEON (*aside*). So ! it is prayed well !  
But I am fooled if it speed any better  
Than my own prayer—immortal be the lovers !

CARLO. Julia !

ROSA. What says my love ?

CARLO. I am in heaven !

LEON (*aside*). Thy love shall soon be there !

CARLO. This is a moment

Worthy the sufferance of a thousand ages  
Of agony !

LEON (*aside*). And it is but a moment !

[JULIA shrieks and falls.

HUGO. Merciful heaven !

LEON. Aye, heaven's most merciful !

HUGO. She is dead, I fear.

CARLO. She dead ! Who dares to say it ?  
'T is false !—what !—dead !—my own !—my beautiful !—

My love !—my bride ! Dead !—dead !—and now—  
oh, Julia !

LEON. Thy love is now in heaven !

CARLO. I were in hell then !

Are these lips cold ? They burn my soul !

ANDREA. My son,

Seek comfort in submission.

CARLO. I will !—I will !

Say, do I weep ?

ANDREA. I would to heaven thou couldst !

CARLO. Now who shall part us, Julia ?

HUGO. See the blood

Bursts from his riven heart, and gushes forth  
Through his mouth, ears, and nostrils—even his  
eyes !

LEON. He is dead !

ANDREA. Why do I live !

LEON. Think of your precept—  
Seek comfort in submission ! The example  
Becomes you, father ; let us have no murmurs.  
Since heaven saw fit to call him to itself,  
The will of heaven be done !

HUGO. Behold, how changed  
This countenance ! It was no deed of heaven's,  
But of some devil on earth ! She has been poisoned.

LEON. Who could have done it ?

ADRIAN. Be he whom he may,  
My vengeance follows him, though he should leap  
To hell from its pursuit ! Is it not enough  
Such sweetness is his victim, but my friend !—  
My friend ! Ye heavens, hear me ! If I forgive  
His murderer, deny me your forgiveness  
For ever and for ever ! Hear me, my friend,  
And thou, his murdered love, while thus I take  
Each by the death-chilled hand, I call upon  
Your spirits to attest my vow, most dearly  
To have ye both avenged ! If I forget it,  
Hurl upon me the due of your destroyer !

LEON. I pray you utter not such bloody thoughts ;



We cannot part her ; they encircle her  
As in a marble fold.

ANDREA.               Lovely they were  
And pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths  
They shall not be divided ; bear them thus  
Together to one grave, their bridal bower !

[*Exeunt.*

MORELLI. And this is love !

ARAMETH. By the deceiver's smile allured  
    Until thy heaven appears secured,  
    But ere the first step enters there  
    To find, instead of hope, despair !  
    And she who smiled upon thy flame,  
    Kindling a rage too wild to tame,  
    When her delusions all have flown,  
    Still smiling, but in scorn alone !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. Oh, this is love !

ARAMETH. Or when assured, thy truth returning,  
    To thine is linked thy loved one's heart,  
Even in that hour ecstatic, learning  
    That destiny commands to part !  
And in agony awaking  
    From the dream of blessedness,  
Knowing, while thy heart is breaking,  
    That her own is wrung no less.  
CHORUS.       Oh, this is love !

ARAMETH. Or when she smiles, and every power  
Smiles with her, and no bar appears ;  
When vision of the nuptial hour  
Thy soul in Paradise inspheres ;  
When joined for ever to become,  
With meeting lips and blending breath,  
To yield her, in that moment, from  
Thy arms into the arms of death !

CHORUS. Oh, this is love !

ARAMETH. But hark ! a mortal step is near.

*Enter ADRIAN and FELICIA.*

MORELLI. Arameth !

ARAMETH. In silence hear,  
And let thy firmness now appear.

ADRIAN. Forgive me, my beloved, if in thy  
presence

Even my hapless friend is scarce remembered,  
Though dear my love to him, and dear shall be  
The vengeance I shall yield him ; but beholding  
My promised Paradise, can I restrain  
My joy from swallowing all emotions else ?  
If heaven should roll its flood of bliss to earth,  
It were too much for our poor nature's weakness  
To stem, and in it we must needs dissolve.  
Let it not thus be with me, prithee, dearest !  
The joy thy promise gives me has too much



Of heaven in it ; then rob me of a little,  
Or I must die in sooth.

FELICIA. I rather question  
Thou hast such cause. Consider that my promise  
Was not a gift of love, but of impatience ;  
And an extorted promise on occasion  
May be recalled.

ADRIAN. Recalled !

FELICIA. I've thought upon it,  
And find it is my duty to decline  
The acceptance of a hand I do not merit ;  
Nor can I merit thine, as I have not  
A heart to give thee.

ADRIAN. Say what have I done  
Worthy of thy displeasure or contempt ?

FELICIA. Nothing, dear Adrian. I well esteem  
you,  
And as a friend and brother love you dearly,  
But never could I love you as a husband  
Should be beloved. In pity to yourself  
And me, I do beseech you but to think me  
A sister. Take your heart again, and give it  
To one who can repay you with her own.

ADRIAN. Patience !—are these my hopes ? Why  
were they suffered  
One moment ?

FELICIA. Then my heart, although not thine,  
Was not as yet another's.

ADRIAN. How ! another's ?  
Is it another's ? But I'll find the villain !  
He bought it with his life ?—revenge ! revenge !  
[*Rushes away.*]

FELICIA. Nay, I adjure thee ! Well, his madness  
rages  
Without an object, and so does my love.  
Where can he be, the beautiful, majestic,  
And noble stranger ? Was it not a vision ?  
For thus he came and vanished ; and it may be  
A vision that hath past away for ever !  
But be it as it may, this heart is wedded  
To his dear image, and this hand shall never  
Be any's, if not his. Would I might meet him !  
[*Exit.*]

ARAMETH. Speak, Morelli, wouldst thou not  
Share with her a mortal lot,  
To enjoy the love which she  
Thus, unsought, hath rendered thee !

MORELLI. How would I revel in that dream of  
heaven,  
But that I know there is no heaven on earth !  
How strong were the control of love upon me,

But that I know far heavier the control  
Of misery o'er mankind. Even if her love  
Could make the every moment of existence  
A perfect joy, what were that joy's remembrance  
When she were torn from me, and hid in the  
grave?

ARAMETH. Fear not living to deplore her;

Rather hope to die before her.

MORELLI. And leave her wretched? No!

Better than either

Should mourn a separation, that we never  
Should be united, even to be most blest.  
And were no other motive to dissuade me  
From being a mortal's partner, in the fear  
Of being a mortal's father were enough.

ARAMETH. Yes, it might be truly said

That it were a thing to dread,

A mortal's father to become,

If this mortal life were all;

But it now is time that from

Thy mental eyes the film should fall,

That so darkly shades to thee

Of mankind the destiny.

Every mortal sire indeed,

Oft must for his offspring bleed;

Oft must broken-hearted mourn

When they to the grave are borne;

Or with heavier grief oppress,  
Their existence see unblest ;  
Or exclaim, in anguish far  
More despairing, when they are  
Plunged in infamy and sin,—  
“Better they had never been !”  
The darkest this ; the brightest side  
Should thy observance now divide,  
Which to thee I have not shown  
Hitherto, till thou hast known  
What existence would appear,  
Were indeed its finis here,  
As some fiends in human guise,  
By their damning sophistries,  
Merely to insure their name  
The applause of fools, of heaven the blame,  
To persuade mankind would joy,  
And all comfort thus destroy.

MORELLI. Nay, such are not the doubts by which  
my mind

Is darkened ; not a moment have I questioned  
There is a life to come, and for the good  
A happier ; but observing that the number  
Of such is few, that far the greater part  
Sinning, as suffering here, shall find hereafter  
No end to suffering, how can I but question  
That 't were not better none were ever born,

Even to good, than such a multitude  
To evil.

ARAMETH. All are born to pain.

But none to sin, by which alone

Bliss they lose and anguish gain,

For their hereafter ; all are thrown

Indeed amid temptation's snares,

But none are there compelled to fall,

Nor err by any will but theirs ;

For the power is given to all

Nobly to win, or basely lose

The victory o'er them, as they choose.

Even we, the sinless, painless race,

Whose nature thou aspir'st to share,

May envy that thou scorn'st to bear ;

Yes, willingly would we embrace

The evils whence we are exempt,

And follies moving our contempt,

And all would undergo that tries

Mankind, were but the trial done

As soon, and then such trophy won,

A crown immortal in the skies,

To which we never can arise.

Here, though oft the parent grieves

For the pain his child receives,—

Here though oft the child forlorn

May curse the hour that he was born,

When on earth their short career  
Is finished, and they shall appear  
Together in the realms of rest,  
Blest the sire shall be most blest,  
To say before the throne divine,  
“Here, my God, am I with mine !”  
In that happy hour the child,

Deeming all he sustained on earth  
Trifles at which he should have smiled,  
Will bless the hour that gave him birth,  
To dwell amid the angelic choir,  
In delight that palleth never,  
With his sire, and Him, the sire  
Of all, for ever and for ever !

MORELLI. Oh, say no more ! I should have  
thought of this !

I have been unwise ! Restore my human nature,  
Restore it, Arameth ! I little care  
What sufferings it may bring me, or how long  
Those sufferings may endure, so that at last  
I may accomplish heaven. My God ! I thank thee  
That I was born a mortal, to become  
A blest immortal ! Pardon me, sweet heaven !  
That scornful of the nature thou hadst given me,  
I’ve risked thy dearest blessing ! Oh, restore it !

ARAMETH. Thou canst resume it at thy will,  
But it were better thou shouldst still

Thy superhuman nature keep,  
For before it is resigned,  
Power it gives thou canst employ,  
Either, for thyself, to reap  
All of earth thou wouldst enjoy,  
Or some to bless among mankind.  
Be careful which thou choosest from  
The occasions that for this shall come,  
For once when thou employ'st this power,  
It shall forsake thee from that hour.

MORELLI. I shall employ it well, or if I do not,  
My will is not to blame. Now, Arameth,  
Convey me whither I may best observe  
Who needs my aidance most.

ARAMETH. Extend thy hand.

Spirits of the rosy gale,  
Let him on your pinions sail,  
Hovering over sea and land,  
Till to pause I give command.  
Ye obey me?

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. We obey.

ARAMETH. Then away!

CHORUS. Away! away! •

## ACT FIFTH.

*Scene—The Garden.*

ANDREA enters, meeting LEON with the children of  
HUGO bloody and lifeless in his arms.

ANDREA. Oh, God ! what do I see ?

LEON. Alas ! my father !

A pitiful sight is this ! And my poor brother !—  
Truly my heart would break, but it becomes not  
Poor sinners to repine at heaven's dispose.

ANDREA. Say, whence this awful chance ?

LEON. This little fellow,  
Happening to brawl about some toy or other  
With his poor sister, struck her ; this their father  
Observing, struck the boy. Oh, fatal rashness !  
He fell upon the mangling rocks below,  
And she leaped after him as if to save him,  
And perished with him. Why is man the sport  
Of passionate impulse, that forgets itself  
To those most dear ?

ANDREA. Alas !



LEON. But yonder comes  
The wretched father.

*Enter* HUGO.

HUGO. I gave but to recall! Where is their  
mother?  
She had no share in their death.

LEON. And haply thou  
As little in their life.

HUGO. You make me smile,  
Thinking to cheat my madness with a hope  
That—would I were so fooled!—could I forget  
These children were my own, I were most happy?  
'T were but a thing to laugh at, had this hand  
Made childless all mankind so it had spared  
My own; I'd think it dripping in its crimson  
As white as innocence! Who calls him bloody  
That slaughtered all the innocents of Judea?  
Was he their father?

LEON. In my apprehension  
As much as thou of these.

HUGO. Fiend! dare not mock me!

LEON. No—I would comfort thee.

HUGO. Thou comfort me!  
And what art thou?

ANDREA. 'Tis true, my son, from man  
No comfort canst thou find, yet heaven can send it.

HUGO. And will, belike ! But let its angels  
shoot  
To earth, with consolation on their wings,  
Deem you I'll thank them ? Rather will I curse  
them  
That they prevented not what cannot be  
Redeemed by even them !

LEON. Thy misery  
Blasphemes.

HUGO. And I must hush it in submission ?  
And so I will ! However it be questioned,  
These knees can bend ; their sinews are not iron.  
But oh ! my heart ! my heart !

ANDREA. Unhappy boy !  
Heaven knows it is thy anguish, not thyself,  
Speaks thus, and heaven forgives thee !

LEON. My father, may we not infer  
When one sinks into guilt upon the sudden,  
He may have slipped before ?

ANDREA. And what of this ?

LEON. Had I a wife who long appeared most true,  
Yet faithless proved at last, might I not think  
She had before deceived me, and her children  
Were none of mine ?

ANDREA. What then ?

LEON. Why then I question  
Those were my brother's children.

HUGO. Ha!

LEON. Thy wife

Being now convicted false.

HUGO. False?

LEON. False, by heaven!

HUGO. By hell, thou art false thyself!

ANDREA. Kill not thy brother.

HUGO. Has he not killed her fame?

LEON. I do repent me:

I spoke too hastily methinks.

HUGO. Forgive me

My violence then; but they were words to make me

Forget a brother spoke them.

LEON. My suspicions

Having no certainty, I did not well

To utter them.

HUGO. Oh, speak!

LEON. Thou hast enough

Of sorrow now.

HUGO. Speak! Dare no more torment me!

ANDREA. What means this?

LEON. When you hear it, pray  
remember

That you *would* hear it. Yet, if I hope rightly,

No mischief's in it. She may take a ride,

Meaning no harm, howbeit, by the array

Of her and her companion, and the speed

Of their dark coursers, it is not unlikely  
The ride may be a far one.

HUGO. Her companion!—  
Dark coursers! Darkness!—devils!—who was with  
her?

LEON. The stranger whom our father introduced.

HUGO. Fled, say you?—fled? Marina!—my  
Marina!

Thy Hugo calls thee!

LEON. Hers were a good ear  
To know it at this distance.

HUGO. What is all this?  
My children murdered, and my wife—my wife—  
What did I hear?—something about my wife?

LEON. Rather a wretch to whom that name is  
forfeit

By her unworthiness.

HUGO. And she has fled  
Lest she should see the murderer of her children?  
Away! away! away! fly from the air  
Polluted with their blood and with my breath!  
Nay, pause not *there*, for it was *there* they perished,  
And perished by this hand!—yes, mine!—their  
father's!

Hast thou no lightnings, heaven!—has hell no fires,  
This murderous limb to wither?

LEON. Other matters

Require thy thoughts, for it will not be long  
Before the stranger's pleasure, or expedience,  
Returns thy wife.

HUGO.           What said you of my wife?  
But do not answer me—why should you speak  
When these are silent? They have called me  
“*Father!*”

As I remember! Oh, 't was sweet to hear them!  
And now they will not speak!—oh, never!—never!  
—never!

Their life will not return lest I destroy it  
Again; it will not fear their mother thus:  
I'll send her to recall it. [*Exit.*

LEON.           He forgets  
In his poor children's fate his wife's dishonor;  
For that I blame him not; the innocent  
Alone are dear, or should be so. No wife  
Lost in this way was ever worth the having.

*Enter ADRIAN and FELICIA.*

ADRIAN.                   I have been dashed  
From heaven, my father! My Felicia—mine?  
Alas! not mine! She has recalled the promise  
That blessed me! Intercede for me, my father!

ANDREA. Not now—not now; I am too full of  
sorrow  
To speak of anything. Look there!

ADRIAN. Oh, God !  
My eyes are drowned in blood !

*Re-enter HUGO.*

HUGO. She will return,  
But not to us ! How will she laugh on the way  
To think of the dear welcome we shall give her !  
And she will come—to find us in the grave !  
And she will weep above us ! Can the dead  
Speak words of comfort ?

ANDREA. Would the living could  
To thee or to myself !

LEON. I can but say,  
If 'tis the will of heaven, all yet can end well.

*MORELLI appears.*

MORELLI. It shall, but not for thee.

LEON. Behold the villain !

ANDREA. Seize him !

LEON (*aside*). What charm is this ? My  
arm refuses  
To rise against him !

MORELLI. I am not the villain  
Ye seek, but can instruct you where to find him.  
Why should the hypocrite exult that all  
His deeds of evil are unseen of men ?  
Fool, to forget that at the bar of heaven

They must be all, before assembled worlds,  
Unveiled in all their darkness. As for thee (*to LEON*),  
I charge thee here with what thou must acknowledge  
Hereafter. Fearing that she would betray  
The villany thou hadst designed her honor,  
And mad with disappointment, thou hast poisoned  
The innocent Julia.

ADRIAN. Is it so? Speak, villain!

LEON. Provoke me, boy!—you had best!

ANDREA. Oh, part them! part them!

MORELLI. Good youth, I pray you leave him to  
the fate

That heaven appoints him. But before condemned,  
sir,

Take your own time to coin a vindication  
Ingenious as you please; you shall be heard,  
But, be assured, I know you.

LEON (*aside*). Have I met

The eyes that mine must shrink from? Furies  
blast them!

ARAMETH (*invisible*). Yet, Morelli, hesitate;

Were it not better thou shouldst choose

For thyself thy power to use,

To make thee wealthy, mighty, great?

Lord of kingdoms wouldst thou be?

Speak, and they are rendered thee!

Wouldst thou fortune's floods control?  
Speak, and at thy feet they roll!  
Burns thy brow for glory's rays?  
Speak, and they around thee blaze!  
Sighest thou for beauty's charms?  
Speak, and she is in thy arms!  
All are offered to thy choice,  
Waiting only for thy voice.

MORELLI. And I forego them all. I rather choose  
To employ what power I may in blessing others,  
To balm the wounds of sorrow, to redeem  
The innocent from villany's oppression;  
And even this alone methinks were worth  
The sacrifice of my unearthly nature;  
For what could that impart me like the pure  
And happy consciousness of being a blessing  
To my afflicted fellow-creatures? Nothing.

ARAMETH. Ask thy heart, and then declare,  
In this choice has love no share?

MORELLI. Let the event reply. Appear! appear!

ARAMETH *appears, with MARINA insensible.*

HUGO. Is not that my Marina? Ha! I was told,  
But surely it was false! Oh! speak to me!  
Still silent, my Marina? Her eyes are closed;  
Is it in sleep or death? Let it be death!



Yes, let eternal slumber from her eyes  
Conceal her children and their murderous father !

MORELLI (*to LEON*). It pains me, for thy sake,  
thou pitiless fiend,  
That I must dwell with men, since men can darken  
Their nature with such guilt as thine.

LEON. Guilt, say you ?  
Remember how the good old man, my father,  
With pride has held me up as an example  
Of human virtue. Well ! what have I done ?  
Poisoned a woman ! Why, she was a woman,  
And could tell foolish tales not worth the hearing ;  
My virtue silenced her. What else ? I veiled  
My brother's wife from all inquisitive eyes  
(As I believed), and for a virtuous purpose,  
No doubt ? What think you now of human virtue ?

HUGO. And thou art innocent, my love ? I  
knew it,  
Guilt has not torn thee from me, but I fear  
Death will ! Ah, heaven ! those eyes,—those dear  
eyes open,  
And smile upon me ! Speak, my sweet Marina !  
Art thou returned, my love ?

MARINA. My dearest Hugo !  
But tell me where we are, and who are those ?

LEON. Aye, who are *those* ?

MARINA. Merciful heavens ! my children !

MORELLI. Say, wouldst thou have them live ?

HUGO. How canst thou ask it ?

MARINA. Oh, save them, if thou canst !

MORELLI. There yet is in them

A particle of life, although no power  
Of earth can waken it into a flame,  
Which I, by my unearthly power, will do,  
Though using it, I forfeit. By that power  
I lay this curse upon yon scowling villain !—  
His next deed, let it be in its intent  
Or good or evil, shall restore your children.

LEON. Since I have found hypocrisy so faithless,  
No more of sanctity for me ! But do not  
Mistake me ; think not that my voice can shape  
A penitential whine ; or yonder stranger,  
Be what he may, can have a power upon me  
To make me either will your good, or do it.  
Thus I defy him and his power ?

*[Stabs himself.]*

ANDREA.

Oh, horror !

LEON. Nay, trouble not yourselves. Haply you  
think

I am unfit to die, but take my word for it,  
I'm now as well prepared for death as ever  
I can be ; not a moment's penitence  
Could find me, should I live a thousand ages !  
The world to come—but I've not been the fool

To trouble myself with any thought of that  
In life, then why in death ? My sword !—my sword !  
Death is a sluggard, and I am not willing  
The power of good should sooner overtake me.  
Give me my sword !—thou wilt not ? Will thy pity  
Bestow the stroke this arm appears too weak for ?

MORELLI. Ye spirits by whom  
Was given the bloom  
Unearthly I wear ;  
Recalling my doom  
To earth and the tomb,  
Who raised me to share  
Your dwellings of air ;  
In this the last hour  
I partake of your power,—

Let my power with your highest and freest compare.

Be this weapon in my hand,  
Holy as an angel's wand ;  
Be the dripping guilty blood  
Like the consecrated flood  
That in Paradise is flowing,  
Life, where'er it strays, bestowing.  
Now, ye living, lifeless two,  
I sprinkle ye with bloody dew,  
By every drop upon you falling,  
The spirit in its flight recalling.

Now it is returning fast—  
Now 't is come !—the spell is past—  
Yet his triumph to avow,  
Death will meet us all at last !  
You and I are mortal now !

*(The children start to the embrace of their parents.)*

LEON. I care not what ye are, but make no  
question

That I am mortal. Could I in the grave  
Behold one curse accomplished, I'd bequeathe you  
A thousand ; but no matter. My good father,  
A word with thee. Thy fatherly affection  
Haply may give my grave a stone inscribed,  
"Erected by the most bereaved of fathers  
To the most excellent of sons." Remember  
To add a line, which in my commendation  
Shall say thus much,—though not her faithful  
servant .

In life, I'd more to do with truth in death  
Than, or in life or death, full many a saint  
Whose dying speeches have been chronicled  
For others to repeat on the occasion.

Adieu ! forget me not ?

*[Dies.]*

ANDREA.

Oh, God of heaven !

MORELLI. Be not so agonized ! While these are  
happy,  
As they deserve to be, joy in their joy,  
And be that wretch forgotten !

ANDREA. Can he be  
Forgiven ?

MORELLI (*to FELICIA*). Lady, most fair thou art,  
and I believe  
Most excellent, and worth the sacrifice  
Of all accounted high, save the approval  
Of conscience and of heaven, whose condemnation  
Were merited, if, even for thy possession,  
I should inflict upon a fellow creature  
The agonies to which the loss of thee  
Would doom this youth. His love is not unworthy  
A recompense. As I unite your hands  
May heaven unite your hearts !

ADRIAN. Thou generous being,  
Is it sin to worship thee ?

MORELLI. How blest I feel !  
How glad I am that I have rather chosen  
The privilege of doing good to others,  
Than all presented for my own advantage !  
Now, Arameth !

ARAMETH. This choice of thine  
Upon thee calls the smile divine

Of Him above, who wills to thee  
A recompense that cannot be  
Accorded by this world or mine.  
The bloom, the vigor, and the pride  
Of youth, which in thy age thou wearest,  
By age like thine has been denied  
To all of earth, though once its fairest :  
And thee no longer must I save  
From the decree on mortals spoken ;  
To time's corruption and the grave  
Earth calls thee back. The spell is broken.

(MORELLI *falls on the ground as an old man in  
extreme decrepitude.*)

ARAMETH. Know ye not, ye sons of earth,  
That for death ye have your birth ?  
That your Maker placed you here  
But to seek a better sphere,  
Which attained, will be forgot  
All the ills of mortal lot.  
Care not then if o'er your path  
Hover fortune's smile or wrath,  
But alike, through good and ill,  
Onward, heavenward, struggle still.  
Thou, Morelli, thou hast known  
It is mercy's doom alone

Sends the angel of the grave,  
From the ills of life to save.  
Dreaded could no curse appear  
Than to be immortal here,  
Or in any world, save where  
Angels bliss eternal share ;  
Now to dwell with them arise,  
Be immortal in the skies !  
Give thy body to the sod,  
Give thy spirit to its God !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. Give thy body to the sod,  
Give thy spirit to its God !

ARAMETH. Now 't is done ! On angel wings  
Forth the bright immortal springs !  
Mortals, would ye follow him  
To the blessed cherubim ?  
Love your Maker and mankind,  
And the path to heaven ye find.  
Here your life was only given  
That ye thus might seek for heaven ;  
Here death cometh but to bear  
The delivered spirit there.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## TO MY WIFE.

THE winds of March are loose again,  
And, shrinking from the piercing air,  
I shudder at the thought of pain  
That I have borne, and yet may bear ;  
But while the scenes return to view,  
Which seemed to be my last on earth,  
Returns the heavenly picture too  
Of all thy love, and all thy worth !

Thy matchless love, that bore thee up  
Through trials few have heart to brave ;  
That shrank not from the bitter cup  
Of anguish, which my anguish gave ;  
That, while thy noble heart was wrung  
With pity, tenderness, and grief,  
Still o'er my couch of suffering hung,  
To give me comfort and relief.

A common love might weep and sigh,  
To spare its grief, my presence shun,  
And in its weakness let me die,  
Lamented much, but aided none ;  
Thy nobler nature rose above  
All trials, so they gave me aid,  
And on the altar of thy love  
Thy heart a sacrifice was laid.

Thy sighs were hushed, thy tears suppress,  
Lest I thy sorrow should divine ;  
Thy eyes refused their needful rest,  
To watch the fitful sleep of mine :  
No sharer in a task so dear  
And sacred would thy love allow ;  
By day and night, still hovering near,  
My "MINISTERING ANGEL" thou !

Thou wast my dearest hope on earth  
Since first I met thy welcome sight ;  
But never had I known thy worth  
'Till in affliction's darkest night.  
Oh, then thy peerless goodness shone,  
A star amid the gloom profound,  
Dispersed the clouds above me thrown,  
And scattered heavenly radiance round.

The God of mercy heard thy prayer,  
When hope itself receded fast,  
And gave to thy unwearied care  
The life that seemed already past ;  
That life I ever would employ  
To bless thee, and thy love repay—  
To give thee comfort, peace, and joy,  
To be thy friend, thy shield, thy stay.

I will not at the past repine,  
Though the remembrance wakes a sigh—  
To know the worth of love like thine  
'Twere well to suffer or to die !  
But ah ! at once its worth to know  
And to enjoy its fulness, *live* !  
No greater favor heaven can show,  
And earth has nothing more to give.

## SHE CALLS ME FATHER.

SHE calls me "father!"—though my ear  
That thrilling name shall never hear,  
Yet to my heart affection brings  
The sound in sweet imaginings;  
I feel its gushing music roll  
The stream of rapture on my soul;  
And when she starts to welcome me,  
And when she totters to my knee,  
And when she climbs it to embrace  
My bosom for a hiding-place,  
And when she nestling there reclines,  
And with her arms my neck entwines,  
And when her lips of roses seek  
To press their sweetness on my cheek,  
Or when upon my careful breast  
I lull her to her cherub rest,  
The heart to which I hold my dove  
Swells with unutterable love!

## A FATHER'S DIRGE.

My hopes are blighted, and I feel  
An anguish I may not reveal ;  
And fain I would retire apart  
Where common eyes may not intrude,  
Who care not for the sanctitude  
Of sorrow in a father's heart.

But I have duties to perform  
To others, who have claims as strong,  
And still must struggle with the storm  
Of life, amid the careless throng ;

And veil the secret of my breast  
With smile for smile, and jest for jest,  
While fain I would sit down and rest

Beside my darling's clay !  
Yes—for my wife's and children's sake,  
I'll bid my energies awake,  
And nerve the heart that swells to break,  
To be their shield and stay.

But, oh ! the sorrow, when I come  
From weary work to lonely home,

To miss that face, whose pleasant sight  
Gave to that home a heavenly light !  
At hour of rest, how sad to miss  
The comfort of her parting kiss !  
And every morning when I wake  
This lonely heart is nigh to break,  
For ever when I rose from sleep,  
Beside me smiled her cherub face,  
And close and closer she would creep  
To nestle in my heart's embrace !  
But now at every wonted spot  
I seek her, and I find her not ;  
Save that at times before my eyes  
Distempered fancy bids her rise  
As last I saw her, night and day  
Gasping her little life away !  
And then my anguish and despair  
Become too terrible to bear !

Yet, my beloved ! though I must mourn,  
And nothing can my grief beguile,  
I should rejoice that thou wast born  
To bless me, though but for a while.  
The love that lightened up thy eyes,  
And smiled on thy angelic face,  
Was such a glimpse of Paradise,  
As, though but for a little space,



A sacred influence has left  
Of which we cannot be bereft,  
And tells us what the heavens must be  
That for a moment lent us thee,  
And fires our zeal to persevere  
To meet thee in that better sphere,  
Where yet we trust redeemed to stand,  
And lead our darling by the hand,  
Thou best of all our hearts held dear !

If thou canst see us from above,  
At last thou knowest all the love,  
Nor words nor tears could tell ;  
Thou readest in thy father's heart,  
Of which thou wast the dearest part,  
A love unspeakable !  
And thou dost love me, my sweet child,  
And thy affections from the skies  
Come down to bless me, till I rise  
To meet them, pure and undefiled ;  
Oh, let me then be reconciled,  
And conquer passion's bitterness,  
For why should we deplore  
That earth has now one sufferer less,  
And heaven one angel more !  
The sun rose glorious on thy birth,  
As if he welcomed thee to day,

And shone as glorious, when to earth  
We gave thy cold unconscious clay.  
I saw him on his noonday throne,  
In summer's proudest hour,  
And thought, of all he looked upon,  
Thou wast the fairest flower !  
Where art thou now ?

Nay, it is weak,  
'Tis wrong, that gloomy grave to seek !—  
Let Faith and Hope unveil the skies  
A moment to affection's eyes !  
Look up, my soul ! and there behold  
A heavenly form with locks of gold,  
That shade a brow divinely bright,  
And float upon her wings of light ;  
All Paradise is in her face,  
And in her smile celestial grace ;  
She looks upon us from above  
With pity and undying love,  
And gently beckons to her home—  
I come, my Anna !—soon I come !  
And till we meet, will strive and pray  
To keep upon the only way,  
Nor more repine that thou dost rest  
Upon a Heavenly Father's breast !

## THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

IN the watches of the night,  
When the world is hushed to sleep,  
Comes my anguish strong and deep,  
Like a torrent at its height,  
Rushing with resistless might,  
Every barrier down to sweep ;  
Parts the darkness like a veil,  
And reveals my dying dove,  
With her patient face and pale,  
And her sweet blue eyes of love,  
Sadly looking into mine,  
Till they every look resign.  
Now returns the scene of death—  
Slowly gasps away her breath ;  
Now the lips that were my bliss  
Move as for a parting kiss ;  
Now she gives a feeble start,  
As to nestle to my heart !

How its breaking fibres thrill !  
All is over !—from my sight  
Fades the vision of the night,  
And the night is darker still !

Day returns—thou swelling breast,  
Hush ! and hide thy sacred guest !

Forth into the world I go—  
Hollow laugh and ribald jest  
Round me bandy to and fro ;  
And I look and list the while  
With a forced and feeble smile,  
Bitter mockery of woe !  
Common talk of common things,  
Like the buzz of insect wings,  
Brushes o'er my weary mind,  
And I answer in some kind,  
What I hardly care or know.

Nay, my soul, this is not well !  
Rouse thee from thy stern despair,  
Crush the thoughts that would rebel,  
Nobly bear what thou *must* bear !  
Leave it to the common crew  
In their sorrow to be weak ;—  
In the might of anguish seek  
Might to bear and might to do ;

Gather up thy inmost strength—  
To some earnest task apply ;  
So shalt thou escape at length  
Thoughts that else would bid me die !

THOU from whom all blessings came !  
Thou who dost at will reclaim !  
Thou who the GREAT FATHER art,  
And in every parent's breast  
Strongest feelings hast imprest,  
Sweetest, purest, holiest,  
Yet canst rend a parent's heart,  
Snapping all its links apart !  
Thou who didst the boon bestow,  
Once my comfort, hope, and pride,  
Yet removed it at a blow—  
May that blow be sanctified !  
Though my heart is sorely tried—  
Though my hopes are in the dust,  
In thy wisdom I confide,  
In thy boundless mercy trust !

## MY BOY.

My boy ! my boy ! what hopes and fears  
Are prophets of thy future years !  
How many smiles—how many tears  
Shall glisten o'er this face !  
This eye, so innocently bright,  
May kindle with a wilder light,  
In pleasure's maddening chase :  
This brow, where quiet fancies lie,  
May proudly lift itself on high,  
In fierce ambition's race ;  
This form, so beautiful, so blithe,  
May waste in sickness, or may writhe  
In agony's embrace ;  
This cheek may lose its healthful blush,  
For sorrow's languor, passion's flush,  
Or thought's corrosive trace ;—  
But of all evils that may come,  
My prayer the most would shield thee from  
The guilty or the base.

Thy heritage is but my name ;  
Then prize its purity of fame,  
And shield it from disgrace ;  
And if that name have some renown,  
May it be thine a brighter crown  
Upon it yet to place !  
For should a prouder wreath be thine  
Than ever was or shall be mine,  
The more will be my joy—  
The vanity of fame I've found ;  
Still could I wish its laurels crowned,  
My boy ! my only boy !

And yet, should genius never roll  
Its inspiration on thy soul,  
Nor gift thee with the might  
To image such creations forth  
As crown "the Minstrel of the North,"\*  
Imperishably bright ;  
Or with a Shakspeare's Muse of fire  
Up to the highest heaven aspire,  
The sun of every sight—  
If science shall not in thy mind  
Unfold a beacon to mankind,  
Amid the mental night ;

\* Walter Scott.

Or if thy arm shall never wield  
A hero's sword, on conquest's field,  
To guard thy country's right—  
If all the glorious hopes be vain  
That often float athwart my brain  
In visions of delight—  
Still thou as fully canst complete  
The hope—of all most dear and sweet  
That may my mind employ—  
All other wreaths I can resign,  
So virtue's trophies may be thine,  
My boy! my only boy!

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### THE CHARMS OF WOMAN.

THE glittering stars we admire,  
And the sun on his throne in the skies ;  
And we worship the lovelier fire  
That sparkles in woman's sweet eyes ;  
The bloom of the flourishing roses  
Delight to the eyes can impart,  
And the bloom that dear woman discloses  
Has far more delight for the heart.



How sweetly the zephyrs are throwing  
The fragrance they snatch from the flowers !  
How sweeter the breath that is flowing  
From the pure lips of woman to ours !  
Whatever around thee thou meetest,  
The spell of delight that can lend,  
The brightest, the fairest, the sweetest,  
In woman far lovelier blend.

Her eyes have a heavenly splendor,  
But if virtue have kindled its star  
In her soul, its resplendence will lend her  
A light that is lovelier far !  
Her breath has a sweetness when blending  
With ours in the pure kiss of love ;  
Far sweeter that breath when ascending  
In prayer to her Maker above.

When in one all the charms are united  
On the soul and the senses that steal,  
When we gaze on her softness delighted,  
Or when to her brightness we kneel,  
However those beauties may ravish,  
And fetter the soul and the eyes,  
Not on them all our thoughts should we lavish,  
But spare one, at least, for the skies.

If the light of her eyes we admire,  
Oh, what is the glory of HIM,  
From whom heaven's eyes had the fire,  
To which even beauty's were dim !  
Who the blaze to Apollo has given,  
Which the stars to behold cannot bear !  
What splendor on earth or in heaven  
Can with its Creator's compare ?

If all the creation discloses  
Such beauty our homage to claim,  
How awful a beauty reposes  
On the brow of the God whence it came !  
When woman upon you has laid her  
Control, while you love and adore,  
Oh, think of the BEING who made her,  
And love him and worship him more !

## TO MRS. MARY B.

## ON HER BIRTHDAY.

LADY ! thy friends may well unite  
To hail the hour that gave thee birth ;  
For it might seem a child of light  
That moment came from heaven to earth.

I speak not of the form or face,  
Though both might claim the poet's song ;  
With every charm of beauty's grace,  
Diviner charms to thee belong.

The sense of duty, pure and high,  
Which gives the orphans in thy care  
All that a mother can supply,  
And in thy heart an equal share :

True friendship that can never fade,  
Affection won by manly worth,  
Which well bestowed, and well repaid,  
Can make a Paradise on earth.

Good humor's smile, for ever bright,  
That casts a sunshine all around,  
Truth in her spotless robe of light,  
And virtue like a seraph crowned !

These are the charms that most express  
A mind with more of heaven than earth—  
Friends, husband, children, all may bless  
The auspicious hour that gave it birth !

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### A VALENTINE TO MY WIFE.

TWELVE years ago ! how swift their flight,  
Since first thy fate was linked with mine !  
How much they brought of dark or bright  
To crown thy love, or prove its might,  
My faithful Valentine !

Twelve years ago, my chosen bride !  
How proud was I to call thee mine !  
But more my love, and more my pride,  
Since years on years thy worth have tried,  
My precious Valentine !

It may be sorrow and despair  
At times have wrung this heart of mine ;  
But to thy love I could repair,  
And find my peace and solace there, ·  
My sweetest Valentine !

And every joy that I may know,  
When kinder fortune seems to shine,  
Wins from thy smile a brighter glow—  
To see thee happy makes me so,  
My dearest Valentine !

Sweet mother of the cherub boy,  
Round whom our fondest hopes entwine !  
May he his coming years employ  
To be thy comfort, pride, and joy,  
And bless my Valentine !

## MY LITTLE FRIEND.

“OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.”

OFTEN while I sit apart  
Comes a yearning of the heart,  
With a sense of loneliness  
Hard to bear or to express ;  
Then of ill-repaid affections  
Throng the saddest recollections,  
And of friends I used to know  
Till the hour to prove them so !  
Friendship then a fable seems,  
Love, the most absurd of dreams.

Thus I sit and muse alone—  
Sudden comes a fairy face,  
Dimpling with a smile divine ;  
Glides a tiny hand in mine,  
And a little arm is thrown  
Round my neck with winning grace ;  
And a pair of sweet blue eyes  
Look in mine with quaint surprise,

And a lip of roses pouts  
In assurance of a kiss—  
Care be hanged !—away with doubts !  
Love is truth !—and life is bliss !

Potent as the harp divine,  
David played to moody Saul,  
Comes her spirit upon mine,  
When of gloom the saddest thrall,  
And away the shadows run,  
Like the clouds before the sun !  
Blessings on the little fairy  
Whose affections, frank and artless,  
Prove the world not wholly heartless !—  
*Thou* wilt not forsake me, MARY !

## A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

WHAT millions live to-day  
As they might ever stay,  
How soon to pass away !  
    Sweet face and lofty brow,  
So pleasant now to see—  
Alas ! where will they be  
    A hundred years from now ?

The sage with silver hair,  
Proud youth and maiden fair,  
Time will not pause to spare—  
    Glad childhood's sunny brow,  
The infant's dimpling face—  
All gone without a trace,  
    A hundred years from now !

The ills we scarce sustain,  
The trouble and the pain  
That vex the heart and brain,



And wring the calmest brow—  
All, serious as they seem,  
Fade, a forgotten dream,  
A hundred years from now !

The time seems far away,  
Yet will not long delay ;  
It comes with every day  
That goes, we know not how !  
Howe'er thy lot be cast,  
'Tis all the same at last,  
A hundred years from now.

In all but *this* the same—  
Some few may leave a name,  
A monument of fame  
That time shall never bow,  
Or heavenly-thoughted page,  
To consecrate our age  
A hundred years from now !

## AMBITION.

ADDRESSED TO MY SON.

WHEN I was young, my noble boy !  
 Ambition filled my ardent mind ;  
 I thought I could my powers employ  
 To be a blessing to mankind.  
 Statesman or hero, bard or sage,  
 I thought I might achieve a name  
 To stand the glory of the age,  
 And flourish in immortal fame.  
 Romantic dreams ! how swift they fled,  
 Dispersed in even childhood's day !  
 In every path I wished to tread  
 Misfortune sternly barred the way !  
 Some little good I may have wrought,  
 And penned some not inglorious songs ;  
 But opened no new worlds of thought,  
 Nor saved a people from their wrongs.  
 Thou too wilt own ambition's sway :—  
 No matter so it prompt no sin—  
 I care not if its voice should say,  
 Be all thy father should have been !

Ambition is of various kinds,  
And even in the child proclaims  
The cast of great or common minds,  
According to its various aims.  
Some place in dress their only pride,  
While some affect a ruffian air,  
Some aim at most to dance or ride,  
Or on the stage to rant and swear ;  
Some with ambition meaner still,  
Their honor seek in deeds of shame,  
For virtue choose the worst of ill,  
The worst of names their proudest name !  
Such fancies sway the vulgar breast,  
And may become the fools at least,  
Who think that man was made at best  
To be partaker with the beast !  
But those to whom the Lord hath given  
A portion of the spark divine,  
May tread on earth—but look to heaven—  
And more and more their souls refine !

My son ! to wisdom give thy heart !  
Improve thy God-imparted mind !  
The mind is our celestial part,  
More heavenly as the more refined !  
Employ thy thoughts on nobler things  
Than those that with the body die !

Mount thy ambition on the wings  
Of virtue that ascends the sky !  
So shall thy soul, while yet confined  
To earth, its heavenly kindred claim,  
And thou shalt move among mankind,  
An angel in a mortal frame.

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### MY DARLING LITTLE MARY.

WHEN childhood shall have flown away,  
And youth its bloom shall lend thee,  
May all the bliss of childhood's day  
And innocence attend thee ;  
Nor may a heart so pure and blest  
For guilt or sorrow vary,  
That now are strangers to thy breast,  
My darling little Mary.

When beauty's glow is on thee thrown,  
May it be thy endeavor  
Not outward charms to win alone,  
But those that perish never ;

Since all the charms that meet the eye  
Are not more bright than airy,  
Be thine the charms that never die,  
My darling little Mary !

On earth may Mary long repay  
The fondness of a mother,  
And from this world when called away  
By death to seek another,  
May angels her pure spirit bear  
To bliss that cannot vary,  
And may a mother welcome there  
Her darling little Mary !

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### THE MOTHER'S PRIDE.

YES, she is beautiful indeed !  
The soft blue eyes, the raven hair,  
The brow where pleasant thoughts we read,  
The radiant smile, the winning air,

The cherub form of perfect grace,  
Whose fairy steps in music glide—  
And oh ! that sweet, that heavenly face !  
Well may she be her mother's pride !

Yet may she nobler pride awake  
Than all external charms impart ;  
'T is not alone for beauty's sake  
We hold her in our inmost heart—  
Her sunny soul, her spotless mind,  
Where comes no thought to shun or hide,  
Her artless love, her feelings kind,  
Have made her more her mother's pride.

Then come to me, my cherished child,  
And, bending o'er my shoulder, fling  
Thy raven tresses, rolling wild,  
In many a soft and sunny ring !  
Look up in fondness to my face,  
And thine upon my bosom hide,—  
Close—closer, to my heart's embrace,  
My sweetest joy !—my fondest pride !

## THE POWER OF AFFECTION.

THE world is full of pain and harm,  
And life at best is little worth,  
Yet pure affection is a charm  
That almost makes a heaven of earth.

'T is true we often find it frail  
And transient as a morning flower ;  
Yet, for a time, it can prevail  
Where helpless every earthlier power.

If even she whose welcome love  
Once saved me from the worst of care,  
Should like the rest forgetful prove,  
And leave me to my soul's despair,—

Still the impression of the past  
Will comfort many a lonely hour,  
And still the sweet remembrance last  
Like fragrance of a faded flower !

But no !—whoever may forsake,  
To doubt my cherub were unjust !—  
Come, darling ! to my heart, and take  
Its perfect love and perfect trust !

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### THE RINGLET.

THOUGH to thee this little tress  
Brings no thought of loveliness,  
Nothing that my eye can meet  
For that eye hath charm as sweet ;  
Nor such witchery is spread  
By the locks on beauty's head ;  
Whether their dishevelled dance  
Floats in wild luxuriance,  
Or their gently waving rings  
Fall in sunny glistenings ;  
Or in their ambrosial wreath  
Violets and roses breathe ;  
Or in regal band controlled,  
They entwine with gems and gold—  
Whether, their light clusters through,  
Peeps the laughing eye of blue ;



Or the shade of raven wing,  
O'er the eye of night they fling.  
Know, if thou wouldst have me tell  
Whence it hath derived a spell,  
Far all other charms above—  
'T was her first fond gift of love.

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## MY LOVE LOVES ME.

OH, there is a song that the young heart sings  
That forth in a fountain of music springs,  
As fresh as the dance of the streams set free ;—  
“ I love my love, and my love loves me !”

Sweetest and dearest, fondest and best,  
While with thy presence no longer blest,  
My heart murmurs o'er, as it strays to thee,  
“ I love my love, and my love loves me !”

And thou, my beloved, when I leave thy sight,  
It soothes me to think that thou wilt delight  
To murmur the song I taught to thee,  
“ I love my love, and my love loves me.”

We had not the pleasures to others known ;  
A better, a dearer, is ours alone,  
To whisper our hearts in their secret glee,  
“ I love my love, and my love loves me !”

And oh ! when again I welcome thy face—  
When again I clasp thee in fond embrace,  
To me wilt thou whisper, and I to thee,—  
“ I love my love, and my love loves me !”

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### BROKEN TIES.

Go—I from my soul disclaim thee ;  
Mine I never more shall name thee ;  
By the love that thou hast slighted,  
By the joy that thou hast blighted,  
By the fairy visions vanished,  
Ingrate, go ! for ever banished !

By the promise vainly spoken,  
By the heart thou wouldst have broken,  
Did not strength of soul sustain me  
That I mourn not, but disdain thee,—

Go, for ever from me driven !—  
Go, forgotten—not forgiven !

When thou findest all around thee  
Faithless, worthless, as I found thee,  
Thou shalt learn the worth to measure  
Of the heart thou wouldst not treasure ;  
But in vain thy soul's repentance,  
Irrevocable the sentence—  
Go, for ever, from me driven !—  
Go, forgotten !—not forgiven !

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## THE BATTLE OF THE SNAKES..

### AN EPISTLE TO CATHARINE.

DEAR KATE—more dear than I can tell !  
No matter, though—you know it well—  
Dear Kate—in this delicious weather,  
I wish, don't you ? we were together ;  
That we might wander, hand in hand,  
Amid those scenes of fairy land,

Which now, to glad thy vision, rise  
And fancy pictures to my eyes !  
To climb the hills, the woods explore,  
Or ramble by the sea-beat shore,  
Where ringing waves delight thy ear  
With music mine shall never hear :  
Or rove where sweetest flowers embower  
My pretty Kate, " a sweeter flower !"  
While balmy zephyrs kiss thy brow  
Of beauty—(might I kiss it now !)

'Mid scenes like these, one summer's day,  
A lordly serpent wound his way ;  
From Ratler's line of length he came,  
And gloried in a tail of fame ;  
His pointed tongue, his sparkling eyes,  
His gorgeous robe of thousand dyes—  
All these with rapture swelled his hide,  
For snakes, like other fools, have pride.

While winding through a tangled brake,  
He chanced to meet another snake,  
Who wore a suit of sober black,  
Which might become a doctor's back,  
And, coiled in many a ring, reclined,  
While thoughts as coiled perplexed his mind.

" Good parson Black ! ah, is it you ?"  
Quoth flippant Rattle, " How d' ye do ?"

“I’m pretty well, I thank you, sir.”  
“How’s Mrs. Black?” “All’s well with her.”  
“How are the little dears?” “So so;  
The youngest has been ailing though.”  
“How go the times?” “Oh, very bad!”  
Sighed Black; “the times are truly sad,  
Which plunges me in deep dejection,  
And makes me ask in sage reflection,  
Why all that is beneath the skies,  
Is what it is—not otherwise!  
Why Providence, by strange mistakes,  
Instead of men, has made us snakes;  
Why we are born—and wherefore die—  
Why——” “Fool!” quoth Rattle, “care not why!  
He who himself will wretched make  
Deserves the hiss of every snake,  
Enough for us that all on earth  
Is full of beauty, life, and mirth;  
While of its joys I have a share,  
I care not who may cherish care—  
Mine be the maxim wise and just:  
‘Live while you live, die when you must!’”  
“Then die this moment!” Black exclaimed,  
With foaming lip and eye inflamed.  
At this the other shook his rattle,  
To sound the stirring charge to battle.

So fiercely they together flew,  
They bit each other right in two.  
Quoth Black, "I beg a truce, my friend,  
To ponder on my latter end!"  
So each in different windings past,  
To seek his tail, and fix it fast;  
But in their hurry, by mistake,  
Black got the tail of Rattlesnake,  
And Rattle to himself did tack,  
Unwittingly the tail of Black.

Now Rattle fiercely shook the tail  
He thought his own, without avail,  
To wake the sound once wont to be  
His "earthquake voice of victory!"  
Now right, now left, he lashed the ground,  
But, burn the tail! it gave no sound!  
He swings it left, he swings it right—  
In vain, poor Rattle bursts with spite.

Black, for his part, had run away!  
But, as he runs, to his dismay,  
Loud from his tail a rattle peals,  
As if the foe were at his heels.  
More fast he runs, more loud it rings,  
And louder, as he faster springs:  
He runs for six successive suns,  
And still it rattles as he runs:

He runs and runs till out of breath,  
And then the rattle sleeps in death.

You say this story can't be true—  
Dear Kate, I quite agree with you !  
But now that I must say farewell,  
One little word of truth I'll tell ;  
And well you know I speak sincerely,  
In saying, "*Kate, I love you dearly !*"

POSTSCRIPT. Some say they are not able  
To see the moral of my fable !  
Inform them, had the snakes been wise,  
'T is like they would have *used their eyes !*  
And secondly, it hence appears,  
Our eyes are better than our ears ;  
From which reflection I contrive  
Some consolation to derive ;  
For though I oft have sighed, my dear,  
That it is not for me to hear  
The thrilling music of thy voice,  
That would my very heart rejoice :  
Yet when my arm is round thee wreathing,  
And on thy brow my lip is breathing,  
When thy dear head my hand caresses,  
Or wreathes among thy raven tresses,  
Or clasps in mine thy fairy fingers,  
While fond my look upon thee lingers,

Then, while emparadised, I trace  
Affection breathing from thy face—  
Oh, then I feel in deep delight,  
THERE IS A MUSIC FOR THE SIGHT !  
Which I would not exchange for all  
That ever on the ear may fall.

---

### MY PRETTY BIRDS.

My pretty birds, as sweet your song,  
And of as blithesome kind,  
As when you winged your flight along  
By but the skies confined ;  
Though severed from your native bowers,  
And caged in narrow space,  
As gay ye carol through your hours  
As in your native place.

And grateful to the tender hand  
That watches o'er your need,  
Your little hearts with love expand,  
While from that hand ye feed ;



And this is well—ye need not mourn  
The scenes that ye have lost,  
For there the pangs ye might have borne  
Of famine or of frost.

But man less wise—restrained from ill  
By the Almighty's bars,  
The rage to have his erring will  
His spirit's music jars.  
My birds, my sweet philosophers,  
May I your wisdom learn,  
And welcoming what God confers,  
To His protection turn.

---

### TO ONE REMEMBERED STILL.

How oft shall memory's glance be cast  
To the lovely eve when I met thee last!  
No star was seen in the silver sky,  
And the moon was hid from mortal eye,  
And the sun had gone to his briny bed,  
Yet a beautiful light upon earth was shed,

For the gloom of eve had a softened ray  
Reflected from the departing day ;  
And I said in my heart, as I marked how tender  
A light had succeeded the vanished splendor,  
“ May a beam as soft—as calm—and as sweet,  
Illumine thy lot till again we meet !”

As my fingers twined in thy locks of gold  
Adown thy neck of ivory rolled,  
And I saw thy blue eyes, fixed on mine,  
In soft and artless tenderness shine,  
And I pressed in mine thy dear, dear hand,  
My feelings I could not well command,  
But I turned my head to hide the tear  
At the thought of parting with one so dear,  
And I felt that there was no pang above  
The pang inflicted on parting love !

## MY BLUE-EYED MAID.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

FORGET me not, my blue-eyed maid,  
When fate our parting shall decree !  
My love may never be repaid,  
But still, oh, still remember me !  
Thy image, in my heart enshrined,  
In death's embrace alone shall fade ;  
When I am in his arms reclined,  
Forget me not, my blue-eyed maid !

If on the monumental stone  
The name of one thou chance to see,  
Whose heart was thine, and thine alone,  
Oh then, my love, remember me,  
As one that were supremely blest  
His life before thee to have laid,  
Could that insure his last request,  
Forget me not, my blue-eyed maid !

## TO MY FRIEND, R. B.

THE only Paradise on earth  
Is found at the domestic hearth,  
When on the angel wings of love  
The bliss of heaven comes from above ;  
Not that vain love scarce worth the name,  
Whose only light is passion's flame,  
But love unfading, pure, refined,  
Whose throne of beauty is the mind,  
Where soul communes with kindred soul,  
And heart replies to heart's control !  
Truth, virtue, honor, faith sincere,  
Like guardian angels hover near,  
And build love's altar on a rock  
Superior to misfortune's shock ;  
Nor time, nor change, can ever blight  
One spark of its celestial light.

But none this Paradise can find,  
Save one who bears a polished mind,  
A noble heart, a liberal hand  
And all that may esteem command.

Then highly may I prize thy worth,  
Since thine this Paradise on earth !  
And if the prayer of friendship aid,  
That Paradise shall never fade.

---

### WHAT SHOULD WE DO, MY BROTHER?

WHERE pleasant fields are growing,  
Where rocks are tossed on high,  
Where streams in music flowing,  
Delight the ear and eye,  
Where rivalling each other,  
Fair scenes invite our choice,  
What should we do, my brother !  
Rejoice ! we should rejoice !

Where woods in tangled wildness  
Oppose our weary way,  
Where bowers in shady mildness  
Invite a sweet delay,  
Where wild birds to each other  
Their blithesome carols voice,  
What should we do, my brother ?  
Rejoice ! we should rejoice !

When slowly home returning,  
While moonlight's golden streams  
Refresh the brow still burning  
With day's departing beams,  
While cheering on each other  
With songs of merry voice,  
What should we do, my brother?  
Rejoice! we should rejoice!

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### THE GRAVE OF MARY.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

FAR, far from this grave be the footstep unholy,  
Its sanctity that would presume to invade,  
By all who approach it, with reverence lowly,  
May homage to virtue and beauty be paid,—  
To virtue and beauty, that almost had made her  
On earth what they now have quite made her in  
heaven;  
For the seraphic charms in this world that arrayed  
her  
To wither as soon as they bloomed were not given;

Ah, no! they were only transplanted again  
To shine in the glorious world whence they came,  
Where nothing of earth or corruption shall stain,  
Their splendors on high that eternally flame!

My Mary! my love! art thou hovering near,  
To look upon him o'er thy dust who is kneeling,  
While wrung from his bosom, full many a tear,  
To water the grave of my Mary is stealing?  
While o'er thee in passionate agony bending,  
I fondly would think from the regions above,  
Thy spirit I see in its beauty descending,  
To calm my wild anguish for Mary and love!

---

### THE PEARL-HANDLED KNIFE.

A LITTLE boy sits by his mother's tomb,  
And waters the flowers that above her bloom  
With tears that flow from his orphaned heart,  
Sobbing as if it would burst apart.

He looks around with a glance of fear,  
To see that no ruthless eye is near,

Then draws from his bosom his cherished toy,  
His mother's last gift to her own dear boy :  
It was a knife with a silver blade,  
And of mother-of-pearl was the handle made.

That little boy has a step-dame stern,  
Whose evil feelings against him burn ;  
Though once on the orphan boy she smiled,  
And kindly treated her husband's child ;  
But a change was on her feelings thrown  
When she had a little babe of her own,  
For she loved her babe with a love so great,  
Her love for the orphan was turned to hate :  
For it was a thought she could not bear  
That Edwin should be his father's heir ;  
"And all would be for my child," she said,  
In her guilty heart, "were but Edwin dead !"

Oh ! a mother's love is a holy thing !  
But even from good may evil spring,  
And they who would love with a sinless love,  
Must set their affections on things above,  
Nor ever, for perishing things of clay,  
From God and his law be led astray.

Poor Edwin ! he found it a cruel change,  
For all was bitter and all was strange ;



Now first in his life he felt and heard  
The passionate blow and the angry word,  
And knew not what it could mean the while,  
For he had been ruled by look and smile.

His father had gone abroad for a time  
To gather wealth in a distant clime,  
And Edwin was left in his step-dame's power,  
Who beat and abused him every hour.  
But once in a day the orphan fed,  
And then on a bone or a crust of bread,  
His strength decayed, and a fever came,  
But it made no change in the ruthless dame ;  
She spurned him up as he sunk on the floor,  
From which he gladly would rise no more ;  
And she made him work like the veriest slave ;  
How he longed to rest in his mother's grave !

To that mother's grave he crawled one day,  
When he thought the dreaded eye away,  
And told her unconscious ear the wrong  
Her poor little boy had endured so long ;  
Then drew from a secret slit in his vest  
The only comfort he yet possesseth ;  
It was a knife with a silver blade,  
And of mother-of-pearl was the handle made.

Alas ! for the cruel step-dame was near,  
And heard what he meant for his mother's ear ;  
On her evil mind temptation flashed :  
At a blow the boy to earth she dashed,—  
She snatched the knife with a sudden start,  
And buried the blade in the orphan's heart.

She opened the door of his mother's tomb,  
And thrust him down in that place of gloom ;  
She hastened home and she laughed so wild—  
“ Come kiss me ! all is your own, my child.”

A month elapsed, and the father came,  
And kissed his babe and his smiling dame ;  
But when he asked for his pretty boy,  
To deepest sorrow it changed his joy ;  
“ The child,” she said, “ of a fever died,  
And was buried at his mother's side.”

A year and another passed away,  
And the babe grew lovelier every day :  
It was a bright and merry child,  
And the father of half his grief beguiled.  
Another year and another past,  
And the child in beauty flourished fast,  
And the father's heart no more was sad,  
And the mother's heart was proud and glad :

She forgot her sin, as too many do,  
And fancied God had forgot it too.  
A guilty deed may be long concealed,  
But its time shall come to be revealed,  
And long unpunished may flourish crime,  
But vengeance cometh in God's good time.

It was a fair and a sunny day,  
And Robert went in the fields to play ;  
But the shades of night began to fall  
Before he returned to his father's hall—  
“ Oh, Robert ! where have you been so long ?  
My child, to wander so late is wrong.”  
“ Mama, I am sorry I stayed so late,—  
This morning I passed by the churchyard gate,  
And found it open ; I wandered there,  
To gather the flowers so fresh and fair ;  
And weary at last with my play alone,  
I lay me down on the nearest stone.  
I had not been resting long, before  
I noticed a tomb with a little door :  
Oh, mother ! I gazed in fear and doubt,  
For opened the door, and a boy stepped out ;  
But when his beauty beamed on my sight,  
My fear gave way to a strange delight.  
His cheek was fair as the sunset skies,  
And like stars of heaven, his sparkling eyes :  
Adown his shoulders his ringlets rolled,

And glistened and gleamed in sunny gold ;  
But the charm all other charms above,  
Was the smile that melted the heart to love ;  
Yet was it a sad and a serious smile,  
And the tears would start to your eyes the while.

He came where I lay ;—he spoke—the sound  
Breathed music in all the air around ;  
He lay at my side, and he took my hand,  
And he talked of a brighter and better land,  
Where nothing of evil can enter in,  
Nor sickness nor death, nor sorrow nor sin ;  
Where God's holy children, a radiant band,  
In his garden of glory walk hand in hand ;  
Where all is bliss, and all is love—  
And he whispered—‘ Oh, come to my home above !’

And thus we talked till the close of day,  
And then we arose to go away ;  
But he flung his arms around me, mother,  
And kissed my forehead, and called me—‘ Brother !’  
And as he turned to descend the grave,  
He gave me a keepsake—see what he gave !”

The mother looked—with a frantic start  
She plunged it into her guilty heart—  
It was a knife with a silver blade,  
And of mother-of-pearl was the handle made !

## THE CHOICE.

Now heed my words, my precious girl!—  
Affection is the richest pearl,  
Nor lightly should be thrown away  
On those who cannot love repay ;  
Beware to whom thou shalt impart  
That priceless jewel of the heart !  
Care not alone for form or face,  
Or winning words or witching grace ;  
But choose thou one whose honored name  
Thou canst be proud to share and claim ;  
Let it be one of cultured mind,  
Of generous thoughts and feelings kind,  
Who never sought, nor e'er would seek,  
To wrong the helpless or the weak,  
But ever would employ his best  
To shield the friendless and opprest ;  
Who proudly treads temptation down,  
Nor sinks at fortune's darkest frown ;  
Whose equal soul and mind sedate  
Can stand unmoved each change of fate ;

Whose faith is firm, whose honor bright,  
Whose love is an immortal light !  
Such were the love, and such alone,  
That can be worthy of thy own !

---

### TO MY DAUGHTER.

My child ! my own, my precious child !  
When I behold thy charms,  
And look upon the mother sweet  
That folds thee in her arms,  
It seems to me as I possessed  
The richest treasures here ;  
For she is best of all the best,  
Thou dearest of the dear !

My child ! I have but little store  
Of what most mortals prize ;  
And thousands pranked in pomp and pride,  
My humbler lot despise ;

Yet thinking of my wife and child,  
A prouder head I rear ;  
For she is best of all the best,  
Thou dearest of the dear !

My child ! thou hast no heritage  
Except thy father's name,  
Which in misfortune's worst despite  
Has won its way to fame ;  
And fame is only precious, that  
It serves the lot to cheer  
Of these, the best of all the best,  
And dearest of the dear.

My child ! if all my little store  
Should in a moment end,  
Should slander blast thy father's fame,—  
Forsake him every friend,—  
Thy mother spared and thou, his head  
Above the storm would rear,  
Blest with the best of all the best,  
And dearest of the dear !

My child ! in all thy path of life  
Thy mother's steps pursue,  
And let the pattern of her worth  
Be ever in thy view ;

So shall thy father's heart be glad  
And proud of thy career,  
And thou be best of all the best,  
And dearest of the dear !

---

### MOUNT VERNON.

No need of trophy or of bust  
In honor of this sacred dust,  
For LIBERTY herself shall stand  
His monument to every land !  
The very name of Washington  
Protects the blessings that he won ;  
For bad ambition cowers with shame  
Before that great and awful name !

And does his dust alone remain,  
Whose valor burst a nation's chain,  
Whose wisdom made that nation great,  
Whose virtues are her rock of fate !  
And could he die ? Ye sons of earth !  
Your power, your glory, and your worth,



What are they ?—what avail they all,  
Since death could even him enthrall !

This moment, glancing from the tomb  
That veils his narrow bed of gloom,  
Upon the skies to fix my sight,  
That veil his spirit's home of light,  
I saw the stars in splendor dim,  
Yet deep, through liquid azure swim,  
And as their beauty on me beamed,  
To whisper to my soul they seemed ;  
“ What wonder man must life resign,  
Since even we must cease to shine !  
And not the starry host alone  
Must fall before destruction's throne ;  
The moon that from the sky's embrace  
Bends on you like an angel's face,  
And even he whose faintest beams  
Bathe worlds and worlds in living streams,—  
In darkness must their bed be made.  
What wonder man as low is laid ?  
That valor cannot death disarm,  
Nor even beauty's magic charm ;  
That warlike arm and seraph brow  
Must rot in earth, in dust must bow !  
Yet there's a light beneath the sky  
That may be dimmed, but cannot die ;

Whatever clouds may on it dwell,  
The soul is indestructible ;  
A thousand suns may rise and set,  
And leave the soul undying yet ;  
And to the soul that dwelt in Him  
Compared, a thousand suns wear dim !”

---

### THE HERO.

INSCRIBED TO JAMES B. K——.

LET others sing of deeds of arms  
By heroes who have ravaged earth,  
Who shook the world with war's alarms,  
While death and carnage crowned their worth ;

A nobler hero claims my song  
Than we on history's page may find ;  
Not his the fame of doing wrong—  
He lives a blessing to mankind.

A blessing and a martyr too—  
For them all comfort he forsakes ;

When others for assistance sue,  
From friends and family he breaks.

He leaves his food, he leaves his sleep,  
E'en in the deadest hour of night,  
Though floods descend and tempests sweep,  
And heaven denies one gleam of light.

Through storm and darkness on he goes,  
To hut or hall—no matter where ;  
Intent to soothe the sufferer's woes,  
And save the mourner from despair.

Scenes he must view that break his heart,  
And deeds perform his blood that chill ;  
But so that he may good impart,  
He acts as with an iron will.

And he must bear with vain complaints,  
When nature makes the progress slow ;  
But with a patience worthy saints,  
Will still his needful cares bestow.

Alike to palaces of wealth,  
Or hovels where the friendless pine,  
He carries comfort, life, and health,  
As if a messenger divine.

For this *his* comfort up he gave,  
For this *his* health is often lost,  
And oft another's life to save  
The peril of *his* life has cost.

Who is this hero, who may claim  
The world's applause and that of heaven?  
Ah, friend! if I should breathe thy name,  
No other answer need be given!

All *good* physicians share the praise—  
May worthy honors on thee fall!  
But thou who hast prolonged my days,  
I fain would praise thee more than all!

But not for praise didst thou impart  
Thy aid, or any selfish ends;  
Yet take this tribute of my heart,  
Best of physicians and of friends!

## WOMAN'S MINISTRY.

'T IS true that love's romantic dreams  
Are bright as heaven's opening gleams,  
And give to life a charm divine,  
That wisdom sorrows to resign.  
Yet much they err who seek in this  
The only or the highest bliss,  
Or deem that woman's noblest part  
Is but to give and win a heart.  
This angel (such in all but wings)  
Was born for higher, holier things,  
And best her ministry fulfils  
In smoothing life's pervading ills.  
'Tis hers to soothe the troubled mind,  
'Tis hers the broken heart to bind,  
To turn the erring soul to prayer,  
And snatch the sinner from despair ;  
To hover round affliction's bed,  
With angel look and fairy tread ;  
Receive affection's dying breath  
And seal the cherished eyes in death ;

And all the while forbear to show  
The sorrows God alone can know !  
The spirit thus sublimes the clay,  
All selfish taint refines away,  
Till too divine to be concealed,  
The perfect angel stands revealed !

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### NEW YEAR HYMN.

THANKS to our heavenly Father !  
Though angels tune his praise,  
He will permit his children  
Their humbler song to raise.  
Thanks to our heavenly Father !  
Whose love protects us here,  
And spares us yet, to welcome  
Another happy year.

For all the years departed,  
For all the years to come,  
For all the thousand blessings  
That crown our happy home ;

For all our loving kindred,  
For all the friends we claim,  
We thank our heavenly Father,  
And bless his holy name.

---

### ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG SISTER.

BUT yesterday a child of pain,  
That saddened pity's eye—  
To day, a seraph called to reign  
Above the stars on high !  
Well might the suffering move our tears,  
Which she endured below ;  
But now that heaven her soul inspheres,  
Those tears should cease to flow.

Why should we her release deplore  
From fate's relentless arm ?  
Why grieve that she shall grieve no more ?  
As if we wished her harm !  
Away with the repining tear,  
The ingrate sigh forbear,  
Which, if she up in heaven could hear,  
Would grieve her even there !

Yet Nature's voice, more mighty far  
Than all the rest can say,  
Still calls us from the radiant star,  
Down to the mouldering clay ;  
And not in words the magic lies,  
To calm the anguish wild,  
Of one whose lonely heart replies,—  
“It was my child ! my child !”

And God, who knows a mother's heart—  
Permits a mother's tears,  
When from the cherub doomed to part,  
The holiest tie endears ;  
And Jesus an example gave,  
All feeling hearts accept ;  
Weep on—for at affection's grave,  
The PRINCE OF GLORY wept !

That we have lost her we may weep ;  
Yet knowing she is blest—  
That all her cares are hushed to sleep  
Upon her Saviour's breast—  
That thought with its consoling power,  
Amid our tears shall gleam,  
Like rainbow in a summer shower,  
Or moonlight on a stream.



Her calm submission to the rod,  
Which made all else repine,  
Revealed her as a child of God,  
While yet on earth, divine !  
With sweetest thoughts of heavenly birth,  
Her sainted mind was fed,  
Which flung a glory, not of earth,  
Around her dying bed !

May we from her example learn  
Submission to our lot,  
And to the Rock of Ages turn,  
Whose promise faileth not !  
So shall our sorrows pave the way  
To the eternal home,  
Where our beloved has gone to-day,  
And seems to whisper, " Come !"

## MY CAP.

My cap! my well-worn leather cap!  
Though time has dimmed thy glossy hue,  
Though broken hangs thy useless strap,  
And spots obscure thy band of blue,  
I would not give thee for the best  
That graces fashion's votary;  
So long hast thou my brow carest,  
Thou hast become a part of me!

And happy thoughts of better worth,  
Are born in thy obscure embrace,  
Than any diadem of earth  
Encircles in its resting-place.  
With thee on my unhonored head  
I con the page of mystic lore,  
Explore the lights by genius shed,  
And gather wisdom's precious ore.

For years, in every scene of pride  
Or joy that it was mine to tread,  
My chosen friend was at my side,  
And thou, my cap! upon my head;

And thus we rambled many a mile,  
To witness nature's wildest charms,  
To revel in her glorious smile,  
Or worship her sublime alarms.

We braved the tempest's furious shock,  
In shivering night or burning day;  
Headlong we leaped from rock to rock,  
Or through the forest toiled our way,  
Or wandered where the rivers glide  
In darkness by the tangled cliff,  
Or tossed upon their swelling tide  
That sobbed around the shuddering skiff!

With Jerome thou hast seen me share  
All the communion friendship knows,  
The wildest hope, the deepest care,  
The brightest joys, the darkest woes—  
To him, then, when I must depart  
To lay my head in nature's lap,  
For kingdom I'd bequeathe my heart,  
For diadem—my leather cap!

## TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

IF life were only given to know  
Such comforts as on earth may grow,  
And every hope were crushed in death—  
Oh ! who would care for mortal breath,  
Though cradled in the lap of wealth,  
Though flushed with beauty, youth, and health,  
Though crowned with fame and throned in power,—  
Since all must vanish in an hour !—  
Since pain and ruin, wrong and care,  
Lie lurking for us everywhere ;  
And, worst of all, since we must part  
With all that winds into our heart,  
And to the darkness of the tomb  
Resign their love, and light, and bloom !  
In such a moment to our eyes  
It seems the sun forsakes the skies,  
And with the loved one's funeral pall,  
One robe of darkness covers all !

Is there a grief more deep and wild  
Than theirs who mourn a cherished child ?

The "little friend," the playmate dear,  
Whose voice was melody to hear,  
Whose fairy steps at its advance  
Would make the heart responsive dance;  
Whose smile was as the blessed sun  
That gladdens all it looks upon;  
Whose winning ways and words of love  
Seemed heralds of the bliss above!  
Of all that love and all that bliss,  
Oh, God! remains there only this—  
The dying bed—the doom to part—  
The coffin and the broken heart!

In such an hour of bitter woe  
What comfort can the world bestow?  
Can fame or fortune, pomp or power,  
Retrieve the loss for but an hour?  
Can science from the depths of lore  
A balm for such a wound explore?  
Can reason, wisdom, genius, frame  
A word that one may comfort name?  
Philosophy declaims in vain,  
And sympathy itself is pain!

If in this hour of darkest night  
The mourner hails one source of light,

And turns from his despair to bless  
The Sun—the Sun of Righteousness !  
If he should find his sure retreat  
From every grief at Jesus' feet—  
If there indeed he should attain  
The comfort sought on earth in vain,  
Oh ! who its blest effects can view,  
Nor feel *religion must be true* ?

In vain, my friend, would I impart  
Some comfort to thy bleeding heart ;  
For words, although as kindly meant  
As mine, and far more eloquent,  
In sorrow's ear unheeded sound ;  
And thou hast better comfort found—  
Religion comes with radiant face,  
And points thee to that better place,  
Where those dear cherubs, hand in hand,  
Expectant of their father stand :  
For God shall in his time restore  
His gifts, to be recalled no more.

## REST, BABY, REST!

REST, baby, rest ! rest, baby, rest !  
Thy pillow is a mother's breast,  
Which heaves and falls with throbs of joy  
Beneath thy cherub head, my boy !  
Upon the heart that loves thee best,  
Rest, baby, rest ! rest, baby, rest !

Sleep, baby, sleep ! sleep, baby, sleep !  
And closer to thy shelter creep ;  
Thy cradle is a mother's heart—  
Watched by a mother's eyes thou art,  
Which could for very fondness weep—  
Sleep, baby, sleep ! sleep, baby, sleep !

My boy ! my own and only boy !  
Thy father's pride ! thy mother's joy !  
May God thy future being keep  
As sinless as thy infant sleep !  
May dreams as pure thy life employ,  
My boy, my bright and blessed boy !

WALTER SCOTT AND WASHINGTON  
IRVING.

God bless thee, Walter Scott !  
For thou hast blest mankind,  
And flung upon their lot  
The brightness of thy mind,  
And filled the soul with pleasures  
None other can impart,  
And stored the mind with treasures,  
And purified the heart.

Shame on them who abuse  
Their gifts of peerless price,  
And prostitute the muse  
To passion or to vice !  
Who pour into the mind  
The bitterness and gall  
Which makes us hate mankind,  
Ourselves, and heaven, and all !  
We leave their withering page  
For *thine*, with healing rife,  
The fevered soul assuage,  
And drink the stream of life !



Thy shrine is virtue's altar,  
Thy fame without a blot ;  
God bless thee, dear SIR WALTER !  
God bless thee, WALTER SCOTT !

One only son of light  
Attends thy cloudless path,  
In purity as bright  
As thy own spirit hath ;  
To charm away distress,  
To comfort, to delight,  
To teach, to aid, to bless,  
He shares thy wizard might !  
His muse from virtue's shrine  
Hath never turned astray,  
Nor ever breathed a line  
That love could wish away ;  
The temple of the free  
Is radiant with his fame,  
His country's glory he—  
And IRVING is his name !

God's blessings on ye both !  
Twin heirs of glory's prize !  
How often when I loath  
All that around me lies,

When in the crowded world  
I feel myself alone,  
From all communion hurled  
That by the rest is known,  
Debarred, by fate's control,  
From every human sound,  
And burying my soul  
In solitude profound—  
Oh, then, ye glorious pair !  
I seek the world ye give,  
And find a kindred there  
With whom I love to live,  
Your precious magic nerving  
My soul to bear its lot—  
God bless thee, gentle IRVING !  
God bless thee, WALTER SCOTT !

## THE FONT.

No boon that fortune can impart  
Can with a gracious child compare ;  
It winds into the parent's heart,  
And twines with every fibre there.

When to my arms my children spring,  
Or on my breast their heads recline,  
Or to my lips of love they cling,  
No joy on earth can equal mine.

Yet e'en on these so fair and dear,  
Whose looks are more of heaven than earth,  
Some shadow will at times appear,  
Some stain that speaks of mortal birth.

But there is an immortal stream  
That cleanseth every stain away ;  
And where those living waters gleam,  
All darkness brightens into day.

And thither we our children bring,  
To Him who said, " Forbid them not !"  
That He within that sacred spring,  
May cleanse their soul from every spot.

Saviour of all ! who in the charms  
Of childhood once this world hast trod,  
We bring our treasures to thy arms,  
And dedicate them to our God !

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### THE SUM OF PHILOSOPHY.

Do fortune's smiles upon thee wait,  
With honor, power, and high estate ?  
Let not thy heart be too elate—  
All this shall pass away.  
Art thou the sport of fortune's hate,  
Forsaken, poor, and desperate ?  
Still bear the worst with mind sedate—  
All this shall pass away.  
Our joys and pains are brief in date ;  
The deeds we do of good or great  
Alone survive our mortal state,  
And never pass away !

## JANE EYRE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THAT ADMIRABLE WORK.

WHAT is the substance of all this?—to teach  
The nothingness of the external frame  
Of human beauty (serving but to reach  
The senses, and a sensual love inflame) ;  
To show that form and feature disappear  
In the diviner beauties of the mind,  
When heavenly spirits meet on earthly sphere,  
And blend together in a love refined !

---

## SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming ! spring is coming !  
Birds are chirping, insects humming ;  
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping ;  
Streams, escaped from winter's keeping,

In delighted freedom rushing,  
Dance along in music gushing.  
Scenes, of late in deadness saddened,  
Smile in animation gladdened :  
All is beauty, all is mirth,  
All is glory upon earth :  
Shout we then with nature's voice,  
"Welcome, spring ! rejoice ! rejoice !"

Spring is coming ! come, my brother,  
Let us wander with each other  
To our well remembered wildwood,  
Flourishing in nature's childhood,  
Where a thousand birds are singing,  
And a thousand flowers are springing,  
Where the dancing sunbeams quiver  
On the forest-shaded river ;  
Let our youth of feeling out  
To the youth of nature shout,  
While the hills repeat our voice—  
"Welcome, spring ! rejoice ! rejoice !"

## LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

THOUGH father and mother  
    Forbid me thy sight,  
Though sister and brother  
    Against us unite,  
Though all that surround us  
    To part us essay,  
From all will I win thee—  
    Love will find out the way.

Though oceans may sunder,  
    Or mountains may close,  
Or tempests may thunder  
    The path to oppose ;  
Though earthquakes between us  
    The abyss may display,  
Through all will I win thee—  
    Love will find out the way.

Through forest and desert,  
Through flood and through flame,  
Through pain and through peril,  
Through sorrow and shame,  
Through darkness and danger,  
By night or by day,  
Through death and destruction,  
Love will find out the way.

Yes, I will regain thee,  
My chosen, my best !  
My bird ! thou shalt nestle  
Again in my breast ;  
This heart for thy refuge,  
This arm for thy stay,  
I will guard thee for ever—  
Love will find out the way.



## NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

How many are now in the cold grave reposing  
Who welcomed the dawn of the year that has  
fled?

How little, alas! did they think that its closing  
Should find them inurned in the home of the  
dead?

How many this year to the grave's dark dominions  
Shall hasten, who welcome its rising career,  
Ere time once again on his air-feathered pinions  
Shall usher the dawn of another New Year!

And I, who now muse on the thousands departed,  
May follow them ere the return of this day,  
Bedewed with the tears of some friend broken-  
hearted,

Who now smiles upon me, unthinking and gay;  
And better than I should survive to deplore them,  
The few that to share my affections remain,  
Oh, better by far I should perish before them,  
Nor hail the return of a New Year again!

How sad to be torn from our friends and connex-  
ions,

And hid in the valley of darkness alone !

What comfort to hope their surviving affections

Shall cherish our image on memory's throne !

The hearts that now love me, will they not regret  
me ?

Will ever my memory cease to be dear ?

The friends of my bosom—oh, can they forget me,

If swept from their sight by the close of the year ?



### GOOD NIGHT, MAMMA !

A LITTLE girl, some five years old,

Came, like the morning star,

Each morrow to her mother's heart—

“ Good morning, dear mamma ! ”

And running to her mother's arms,

She kissed her o'er and o'er,

And prattled out her love to one

Who loved her more and more.

And when night's curtains closed around  
The sun's resplendent car,  
She kissed her mother, and she said,  
"Good night, my dear mamma!"

Poor little girl! her mother died,  
And to the grave was borne;  
Where shall she find a mother now,  
To greet at night and morn?

Next morning, when she rose and dressed,  
And found no mother near,  
Without a word she slipped away,  
To seek her mother dear.

In haste she to the churchyard ran;  
From home it was not far;  
She clasped her mother's grave, and said,  
"Good morning, dear mamma!"

All day she lingered near the grave,  
Till rose the evening star,  
Then turning slowly home she said,  
"Good night, my dear mamma!"

## WEDDED LOVE.

I MAY not call to grandeur's hall  
The lady of my heart ;  
I have not power or earthly dower  
My truelove to impart ;  
I bid her from a sphere to come .  
That far is mine above ;  
Yet shall not this impair the bliss  
That hails our wedded love !

She will not grieve a home to leave  
Magnificent in pride,  
In lowly cot to share my lot,  
Obscurely there to hide ;  
Though desolate of friend or mate,  
Save me and God above,  
Yet shall not this impair the bliss  
That hails our wedded love.

She has been nurst among the first  
And proudest of the land,  
Where from her head all danger fled,  
At fortune's magic wand :

But ill my bower in stormy hour  
Can shield my gentle dove ;  
Yet shall not this impair the bliss  
That hails our wedded love.

I every day a tender lay  
Shall waken to her name,  
And every night to throne of might  
Shall kneel to bless the same ;  
For years and years, through smiles and tears,  
I'll prize her all above ;  
And well shall this insure the bliss  
That hails our wedded love.

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## RESOLUTION.

It is a goodly sight to see a man  
Whom fortune's mailed hand has stricken down,  
Rise in his strength of soul, and stand erect  
In his integrity, and lifting high  
His calm majestic brow, with steady step  
Pursue his purposed path unswervingly,  
Though conscious of the perils yet to come.

We are not masters of our circumstances,  
Yet circumstances should not master us ;  
We cannot turn the current of events,  
Yet with a skilful and determined hand  
Can guide our barque, now yielding to the stream,  
And now resisting ; till we reach at last  
The haven we have in view.

---

### A WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE.

In person decent, and in dress,  
Her manners and her words express  
The decency of mind ;  
Good humor brightens up her face,  
Where passion never leaves a trace,  
Nor frowns a look unkind.  
No vexing sneer, no angry word,  
No scandal from her lips is heard,  
Where truth and sweetness blend ;  
Submission to her husband's will,  
Her study is to please him still,  
His fond and faithful friend.

She watches his returning way,  
When from the troubles of the day  
    He seeks a home of bliss ;  
She runs to meet him with a smile,  
And if no eye be near the while,  
    The smile is with a kiss !

---

## JENNY LIND.

ALL hail to Jenny Lind !  
The pure in heart and mind,  
The lofty and refined,  
The generous and kind—  
All hail to Jenny Lind !

What though to her belong  
The highest realms of song,  
The empire is more strong  
    Of her angelic mind ;  
For it hath given her part  
In every noble heart—  
All hail to Jenny Lind !

They say that she has given  
To us the airs of heaven,  
Now first to earth revealed ;  
It may be so—her voice  
Must not this ear rejoice,  
By fate for ever sealed ;  
Yet can her deeds impart  
Such music to my heart  
As heaven alone could yield.

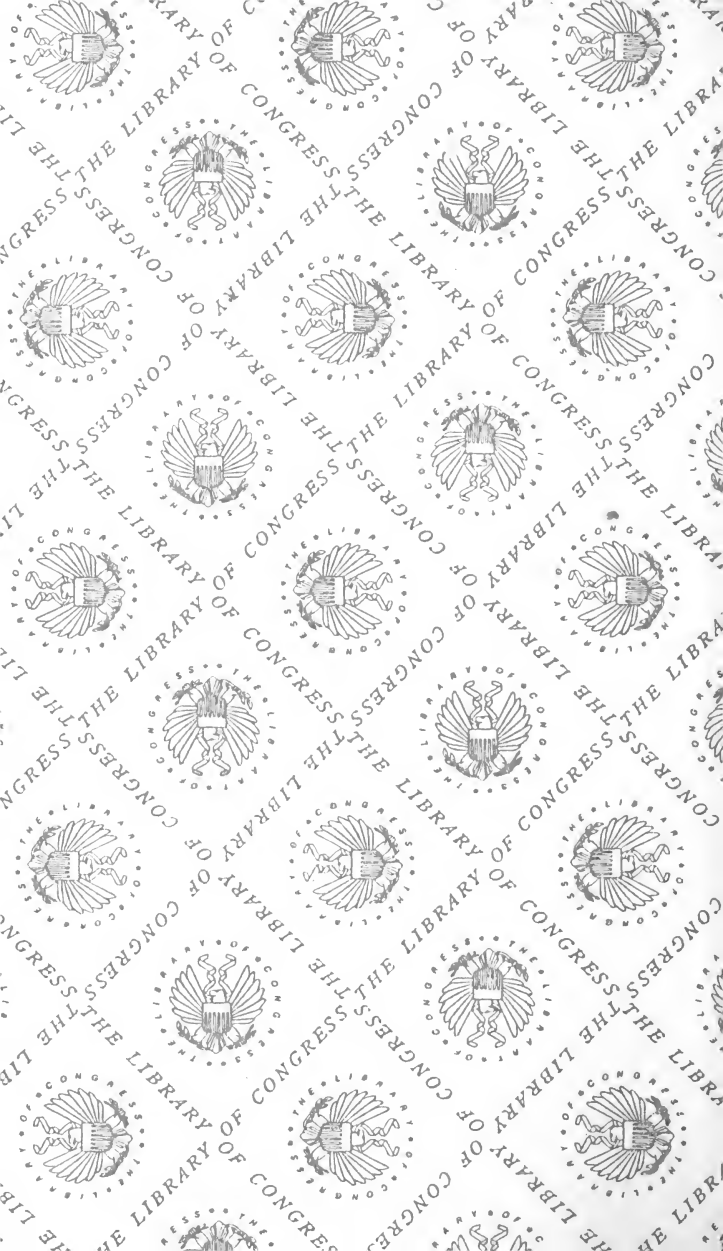
Not by the wondrous powers  
That witch this world of ours,  
Does she my homage bind ;  
Her glorious mind and soul  
On mine have a control  
More potent and refined !  
For all thy deeds that grace  
And bless the human race,  
I bless thee, Jenny Lind !











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